

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07952914 9

IZING UP UNCLE SAM

BY GEORGE FITCH







SIZING UP UNCLE SAM

SIZING UP UNCLE SAM

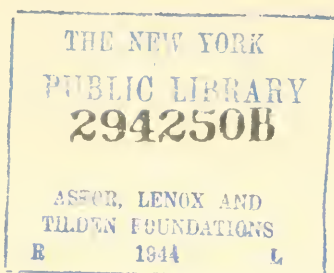
VESTPOCKET ESSAYS (NOT
ESPECIALLY SERIOUS) ON
THE UNITED STATES

BY
GEORGE FITCH

AUTHOR OF "AT GOOD OLD SIWASH," ETC.



NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



Copyright, 1914, by
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

*All rights reserved, including that of translation into
foreign languages.*



September, 1914

DEFENSE BY THE AUTHOR

MAY IT PLEASE THE READER:

For the past three years I have been writing little bundles of words on various themes ranging from "Hope" to "Hash" and from "Cabbages" to "Kings." George Matthew Adams, the Syndicate Man, is really the one to blame because he made me do it, but if the reader forgives him, so do I.

Among the thousand-odd subjects upon which I have written, very many have pertained to the United States, its glories and peculiarities, due to the fact that I am seventeen-tenths American myself. I have decided to bale up a collection of these so that the reader may soak up, at one sitting, incredible amounts of information regarding his native land.

I have obtained this information from encyclopædias, blue books, census reports, the World Almanac, railway time tables, lunch counter bills of fare, sign boards, advertisements, hearsay, suspicion, conjecture and the charges made in the heat of a campaign. Of the five million or more of readers of the newspapers in which these essays have appeared, about half have written me at various times, correcting mistakes and inaccuracies. If any mistakes remain, therefore, they are plainly the fault of the other 2,500,000 readers who have neglected their opportunity to set me right.

I submit these essays to the reader not with the idea of embarrassing any other authorities or of producing revolutions or reforms, but in the three-fold belief:

First — that the essays may be taken in liberal doses without especial harm.

Second — that much of what is contained in them is true.

Third — that a number of facts herein contained are making their first appearance in public.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE FITCH.

CONTENTS

I	STATES	PAGE
	NEW YORK—The Greatest State	3
	VIRGINIA—The Proudest State	5
	SOUTH CAROLINA—The Scrappiest State	7
	COLORADO—The Tallest State	9
	TEXAS—The Biggest State	11
	WASHINGTON—The Dampest State	13
	KENTUCKY—The Touchiest State	15
	KANSAS—The Loudest State	17
	ARIZONA—The Youngest State	19
	OHIO—The Home of Our Relatives	21
	ILLINOIS—The Producer of Chicago	23
	CALIFORNIA—The Tourist's Paradise	25
	PENNSYLVANIA—Headquarters for Heat	27
	INDIANA—Provider of Vice-Presidents	29
	MISSOURI—The Old-Fashioned State	31
	MASSACHUSETTS—The Largest State for Its Size	33
	MAINE—The Right Bower	35
	FLORIDA—The Southeast Bower	37
II	CITIES	
	NEW ORLEANS	41
	PITTSBURG	43
	CHICAGO	45
	LOS ANGELES	47
	NEW YORK CITY	49
	SEATTLE	51
	WASHINGTON	53
	PHILADELPHIA	55
	SAN FRANCISCO	57
	KANSAS CITY	59
	BOSTON	61

III	DONATIONS FROM NATURE	PAGE
	THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS	65
	NIAGARA FALLS	67
	THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER	69
	THE GRAND CANYON	71
	THE GREAT SALT LAKE	73
	YELLOWSTONE PARK	75
IV	ARC LIGHTS IN OUR HISTORY	
	GEORGE WASHINGTON	79
	ABRAHAM LINCOLN	81
	BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	83
	THOMAS JEFFERSON	85
	ULYSSES S. GRANT	87
	HENRY CLAY	89
	ALEXANDER HAMILTON	91
	JOHN QUINCY ADAMS	93
	ANDREW JACKSON	95
V	LEADING CITIZENS	
	WOODROW WILSON	99
	THEODORE ROOSEVELT	101
	THOMAS A. EDISON	103
	JANE ADDAMS	105
	WILLIAM J. BRYAN	107
	JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER	109
	CORNELIUS J. MCGILLICUDDY	111
	JUDGE LYNCH	113
	COLONEL BOGIE	115
VI	POLITICAL PHENOMENA	
	SENATORS	119
	CONGRESSMEN	121
	THE PRESIDENT	123
	STANDPATTERS	125
	BOOMS	127
	THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE	129
	JUDGES	131
	VICE PRESIDENTS	133

VII	CHIEF PRODUCTS	PAGE
	CORN	137
	TOBACCO	139
	HOGS	141
	PIE	143
	SLANG	145
	OFFICE SEEKERS	147

VIII	EXCLUSIVE FEATURES	
	THE QUICK LUNCH COUNTER	151
	GREEK LETTER SOCIETIES	153
	BROADWAY	155
	THE BASEBALL FAN	157
	THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER	159
	THE GLORIOUS FOURTH	161
	ELEVATORS	163
	COLLEGE SPIRIT	165
	COUNTRY CLUBS	167
	THE HAM SANDWICH	169
	SKYSCRAPERS	171

IX	FADS	
	BATH TUBS	175
	ANCESTORS	177
	POPULATION	179
	DIVORCE	181

X	PASTIMES	
	BASEBALL	185
	FOOTBALL	187
	CORN HUSKING	189
	TREATING	191
	GETTING RICH	193

XI	BRAGGING POINTS	
	THE PANAMA CANAL	197
	PUSH	199
	INDEPENDENCE	201
	AMBITION	203
	REFORMERS	205

XII DRAWBACKS

PAGE

TORNADOES	209
REVOLVERS	211
WALL STREET	213
PULLMAN PORTERS	215
IMPORTED HUSBANDS	217
CABARETS	219
WASTE	221
EXTRAVAGANCE	223
RAILWAY STATIONS	225

XIII PROBLEMS

EX-PRESIDENTS	229
THE TARIFF	231
SLEEPING CARS	233
CITY HALLS	235
THE STANDING ARMY	237

S T A T E S

There are forty-eight States in this country and each one has some separate and distinct excuse for extreme pride. Formerly each State was a principality, jealous of all the others. Now we are all one family and the only real use for State lines is to enable the dining-car waiters to tell when to stop serving liquor.

The States range in size from Rhode Island, which is so small that the voters mislaid it for years and have only recently discovered it in Mr. Aldrich's personal effects, to Texas which has four climates and several million acre cow pastures. And they range in population from New York with ten million people to Nevada where a man sometimes has to travel 200 miles on foot to find enough company to pick a quarrel.

SIZING UP UNCLE SAM

NEW YORK STATE

THE GREATEST STATE

NEW YORK is known as the Empire State, because of the vast numbers of money kings, railroad kings, steel kings, theater kings and miscellaneous potentates which it harbors. It is a medium sized, quaintly designed State, containing 47,000 square miles and over 9,000,000 people, something over 5,000,000 of whom are jammed down in the toe of the State in a municipal sardine box, known as Greater New York.

New York State is the greatest of American commonwealths. It contains more people, more factories, more money, more millionaires, more society, more newspapers, more actors, more shipping and more politics than any other State. It is 400 miles long and 300 miles tall on the map and is divided into two parts by the New York Central Railroad, the Erie Canal and the Tammany-Sulzer squabble. It was discovered in 1609 by Hendrick Hudson, who, however, made the great mistake of sailing away without picking up a few public service franchises cheap and made nothing from his find. It was first settled about 1614 and in the last 100 years has grown so rapidly that Congress has had to be enlarged ten times to take care of its ever-increasing horde of representatives.

The State of New York itself is commonly supposed to be only a sort of back yard for the city of New York, but this is only because the city does all of the talking. The back yard contains over 4,000,000 people, and when they are having a political campaign it is impossible to hear anything else in the country. New York always votes for the successful presidential candidate for the same reason that a fat boy always sits on the lower end of a teeter totter.

New York State contains three mountain ranges, the Catskills, Adirondacks and lower Broadway. It contains the Hudson River, which is a broad, magnificent stream superbly decorated with mountain sides, ice houses and brick barges. It has a half interest in Niagara Falls and Lake Champlain and Andrew Carnegie. It also contains the oldest living Ex-president, but has been unable to harness him as successfully as it has Niagara Falls.

New York State produces more butter and eggs, milk, dividends, magazines, battleships, clothing and newspaper stories than any other State. It was originally infested with Indians, but they have all been rooted out except the Tammany tribe, which, however, has done more damage than all the others put together.

VIRGINIA

THE PROUDEST STATE

THE State of Virginia is a pleasant, fertile land, watered by rivers with noble and sonorous names, and located below the Potomac River, well out of the frosted ear belt. It is shaped like a railroad snow plow, and contains 40,000 square miles, a great number of which are occupied by mountains, which are not grand enough to attract tourists, nor valuable enough to pay for their board and keep.

Virginia occupies a prominent place in the front row of States in American history, being perpetually jostling with Massachusetts for the spotlight. It was first settled in 1604, to the intense disgust of Massachusetts, which didn't get around to this duty until 1620. It became the greatest of the colonies, shipping vast quantities of tobacco to England, and containing many great estates well stocked with slaves and aristocrats. It took a very prominent part in the Revolution, and Patrick Henry was the first American to allude to the British administration in terms of seething discontent. Massachusetts began the Revolution at Concord, but Virginia finished it up at Yorktown. Massachusetts supplied Samuel Adams and John Hancock, but Virginia supplied George Washington. Massachusetts chants the praises of Plymouth and Miles Standish, but Virginia comes right back with Jamestown and Captain John Smith, throwing in Pocahontas for good measure. Whenever a Virginia man and a Massachusetts man get

together and begin discussing history. Andrew Carnegie digs up for another wing on the peace temple at the Hague.

At the time of the Civil War, Virginia was the greatest of the Southern States, and Richmond became the capital of the Confederacy. This caused a great deal of running to and fro over the State by infantry, cavalry and artillery for four years, and the splendid plantations and fertile valleys got so badly trampled under foot that they have never recovered. For many years afterward Virginia was a sad ruin, but she has lately been making an earnest effort to come back, and has now passed the 2,000,000 mark in population.

Virginia's chief crops have been tobacco, old families and presidents. It gave the nation four of its first five presidents, and later slipped in the fifth. Afterwards when the soil refused to produce presidents, a rotation of crops was tried, a captain of industry, Thomas Ryan, and later President Wilson, having been produced lately with great success. Virginia is also getting interested in railroads, coal mines and steel mills, and many of its grand old plantation mansions will soon be occupied by brand new millionaires.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE SCRAPPIEST STATE

SOUTH CAROLINA is a State of perpetual irritation, situated between Georgia and North Carolina, and somewhere between the Revolution and the Civil War. It is the fightinist State in the Union, and is the unsafest spot between the Atlantic and the Pacific in which to discuss the Emancipation Proclamation or to edit a newspaper with a trenchant pen.

South Carolina contains 30,000 square miles, is shaped like a five-cent cut of pie, and has 1,500,000 people, including Republicans and Chinese. The population is almost equally divided between whites and negroes, but one white Carolinian when he gnashes his teeth and draws in his breath with a low, hissing sound can make 100 colored residents go away in search of rest and a change of climate without waiting for the next train.

South Carolina has always been noted for its nervous disposition and its willingness to rise up and smite the universe on all occasions. The British were having an easy time in the Revolution when they struck South Carolina, but General Marion soon made them look like a Republican who has criticised General Lee in Charleston. The State helped win the Revolution, but threatened to take its doll things and go home in Jackson's administration, and in 1861 it opened the Civil War by seceding with a prodigious explosion. Later it contributed Tillman to the United States Senate

and has listened to the uproarious results with pride ever since. South Carolina was severely shaken by an earthquake in 1886, but did not secede at that time.

South Carolina raises cotton, rice and sweet potatoes, and supplies turpentine and resin to the world at large. It begins at the Atlantic Ocean in a modest way about six feet below high water, and for many miles inland is so moist that the farmers keep life belts handy on their wagons. It has many fine old towns, full of polite and chivalrous citizens, but the population peters out in the western mountains, where the people eat clay instead of ice cream and lobster, and empty the hook worms out of their Sunday shoes by pounding the soles with a stick. There are three religions in the State — Protestant, Catholic, and States Rights. Between the Savannah and the Peedee Rivers John C. Calhoun is still the greatest man in the world and history closes in 1865.

Charleston, a beautiful petrified city on the seacoast, is the metropolis of South Carolina. The hope of the State is in its public schools, but the cotton mills, which are spreading all over it like a heavy rash, are driving hundreds of teachers out of employment.

COLORADO

THE TALLEST STATE

COLORADO is the roof garden of the United States. It is located a mile above the sea on the shoulders of the Rocky Mountains, and is nearly three miles high in a large number of spots.

Colorado has 100,000 square, oblong and pyramidal and parallelopiped miles. Many of its miles contain as many as fourteen sides and some of them have upwards of 5,000 acres — a thousand on each side. Half of Colorado is so badly broken out with mountain peaks that it looks like a Mastadonic picket fence to the reckless aviator traveling over it. Colorado trains travel farther going a mile than a small boy does in coming home from school, and there are whole counties where, if the daring resident lets go of the State long enough to moisten his hands, he will land, a total stranger, in another voting precinct a couple of miles below.

Colorado has the grandest collection of mountains in the United States or almost anywhere else. Even the humblest citizen has scenery three times a day with his meals, and all the fresh and sanitary air that he can breathe. The mountains are stuffed with precious metals, and while Coloradoans are digging \$75,000,000 a year out of their interiors, the tourists are clambering gayly over their exteriors with almost equally profitable results to the State. Colorado has more mines than any other State, and also more pros-

pect holes masquerading as mines. Buying mining stock is the greatest Colorado dissipation and selling it the greatest Colorado vice.

For many years Colorado was only good to climb over and fall off of and pry into with a pick. Nowadays, however, it contains 800,000 permanent citizens, half of whom are farmers. By judiciously soaking a Colorado desert in water, it can be made to produce enormous crops of apples, potatoes, sugar beets and alfalfa, while Colorado canteloupes are a national gastronomical feature — though Oklahoma claims that Colorado stole the Arkansas River in order to water the Rocky Ford region and is suing the State to get it back. The greatest crop in Colorado is the tourist, who ripens in June and is found over the State in vast numbers, shedding \$10 bills with the utmost freedom. Colorado is also a natural sanitarium, and its mountain air, if breathed persistently, will revamp, half sole and entirely renovate worn-out lungs.

Colorado was admitted to the Union in 1876 and is a progressive State, in which the women vote, but not to excess like the men. Pikes Peak, 14,100 feet high, is the biggest thing in Colorado, and Ben B. Lindsay, five feet high, the next biggest.

TEXAS

THE BIGGEST STATE

TEXAS is the William H. Taft of the commonwealths. It is the largest State in the Union and has by far the greatest waist measure. It has almost four million citizens, and yet there aren't enough of them in any one spot to make a city of 100,000 people. All the people in the world could gather in Texas and there would still be room for the gentlemanly ushers to pass between the rows selling tickets for the big concert to take place after the show.

Texas is over a thousand miles long each way, in places, and contains 150,000 square miles. Passenger trains frequently lose two days' time in passing through the State, and Texans die of sunstroke and freezing in the same afternoon. Ten thousand land agents have been selling farms in Texas for thirty years and there are still places in the State 100 miles from the nearest drug store. There are 13,000 miles of railroad in the State, and yet in some sections a man has to get up early and run for nearly three weeks in order to catch the train to town.

When first discovered, Texas consisted mostly of cosmic junk, including cacti, rattlesnakes, horned toads, tarantulas and four kinds of climate. Later the greaser, a species of human invented by the Spaniards, moved in and the rattlesnakes moved north in search of better society. In the past seventy years, however, great improvements have been made. The

cactus, which formerly grew over the State so thickly that it was impossible for a citizen to fall off his horse without puncturing himself in 11,000 places, is now being replaced by onion beds, cattle ranches and corner lots, and the horned toads and other horrors have been used to promote prohibition campaigns with marked success.

Texas raises cotton, rice, steers and democratic majorities in tremendous quantities. It is as natural for a Texan to be a democrat as it is for a Japanese to be slant-eyed. The State is governed by a legislature of great firmness and industry, whose greatest diversion is regulating corporations and railroads. It has regulated the latter so carefully that it now takes three corporation counsels to run a freight train across the State without incurring \$1,000,000 in fines. The society for the prevention of cruelty to railroad presidents is growing rapidly throughout the State.

The metropolis of Texas is San Antonio, the most interesting foreign city in the United States. It is being pushed hard by Dallas and Houston, little cities with deep bass voices, and by Galveston, which was swept away by a tidal wave twelve years ago, but which has come back and now dares the gulf to do it again.

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

THE DAMPEST STATE

THE State of Washington, which plays left end on the map for this glorious republic, is a large and vociferous commonwealth, which is rapidly becoming an ex-forest and a future hot-bed for national banks. It lies between Canada, the Columbia River, Idaho and the Pacific Ocean, and is shaped like a magazine page after the baby has finished playing with it.

Thirty years ago Washington had 75,000 people, including Indians not washed. Now it has 1,200,000 citizens, and is growing faster than any State, except Oklahoma. It was acquired by the United States in 1803 for about five cents an acre, and was allowed to grow up wild until the late eighties, when enough pine trees were cut out to allow a few settlers to edge in and start real estate offices. Apple land in Washington now sells for \$2,000 an acre and many a single pine tree has sold for enough to board its owner for a year. The Washington pine grows to a height of 300 feet, but is disappearing as rapidly as the Nebraska buffalo, thus occasioning much hard feeling among the conservationists. Every time a Washington pine comes crashing to the ground, Gifford Pinchot sheds a large tear, and of late years he has had to hire a staff of emotional artists to help him in his rush of business.

Washington clusters around Puget Sound, which is a vast and wandering body of water, too highly sea-

soned for drinking purposes, but very beautiful when not irritated. Washington is seventeen days from Japan by four steamship lines, four days from Chicago by five transcontinental railroads, and a half a century from Vancouver and Victoria, just over the international boundary line. It has a climate which is moist enough to drink in spots, and around Puget Sound the people use fish nets instead of mosquito bar on their windows, but the ring-tailed blizzards of Montana are unknown there, and its farmers go to Europe regularly for their summer vacations.

Washington is one of the few American States which are heated by hot water. Though it is far to the north the Japan stream keeps it warm all winter and mitigates the cold shivers which the Japanese navy gives it every time California messes up the sacred cause of universal peace with another Japanese school law.

Washington was settled by people who left all their old-fashioned furniture, business ideas and political machinery on the junk piles back in the old States. For this reason the State is a marvel of enterprise and new ideas, and the arrival from the old and experienced State who has come west to enlighten the natives often has to pocket his pride and ask the hired girl how to vote his first ballot.

Walla Walla and Olympia were once the greatest cities of Washington, but have stood pat for many years, while Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane have grown into greatness and are equipped with every metropolitan convenience, except old families.

KENTUCKY

THE TOUCHIEST STATE

KENTUCKY is one of the warmest American States, not only climatically but politically. It is situated just south of the healthy reparatee belt and is separated from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois by the Ohio River, which is often swum by minority delegates in Kentucky caucuses.

Kentucky is shaped like a suffragette shoe, and is of medium size, about a No. 9 on an E last. It was settled by Daniel Boone with the aid of a long rifle in 1769, and the Daniel Boone method of settlement is still piously maintained in some parts of the State in all important questions.

Kentucky is a wonderfully fertile region, and huge crops are raised whenever the inhabitants have time. The State is full of fast horses, beautiful women, fine whisky and red hot men. It has only 2,200,000 inhabitants, but it could have had 5,000,000 if the early Kentuckian had been water-jacketed and kept below a shooting temperature. Men kill each other over politics in Tennessee and over cards in Texas, and as a recreation in Chicago, but in Kentucky crops, politics and family quarrels are all fatal. The result is that in some districts the Kentuckian who dies in bed with his boots off is sat upon by the coroner, who tries to find the reason.

Kentucky raises more tobacco than any other State, when the night rider doesn't ride. The night rider is

a sort of human boll weevil which gets into the crops and ruins them with a hoe. It travels in crowds and is brave and fearless wherever its opponent is unarmed. The feud is another Kentucky disease which has put a sad cramp into the population. The feud flourishes in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky where the railroad and the Public Library do not intrude, and is a sort of a four generation family quarrel conducted with shot guns. When one feudist meets another feudist in a narrow valley and the second feudist refuses to sidetrack the first feudist shoots him. Then the son of the feudist of the second part shoots the feudist of the first part, and the nephew of the feudist of the first part shoots the son and second cousin of the feudist of the second part and the brother-in-law and uncle by marriage of the feudist of the second part catch the nephew and grandson and sister and cousin by marriage of the feudist of the first part at church and fill them so full of lead that they have to be taken home on a truck. Taking the census in Breathitt County by piece-work is a poorhouse job.

Kentucky has many fine old cities and beautiful plantations. It is noted for its sunshine, its moon shine, its blue grass and its red noses, its mint juleps and its whisky. Making taxed whisky is a business in Kentucky and making un-taxed whisky is a recreation.

There are many mountains in Kentucky but only one volcano — Col. Watterson of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

KANSAS

THE LOUDEST STATE

KANSAS, the geographical and atmospheric center of the nation, is a large rectangular state of mind situated just east of the Rocky Mountains, just north of the color line and just west of the plug hat boundary. It has 1,700,000 people, and would have more but for the fact that citizens fitted by temperament to become Kansans are scarce, and cannot be imported by boatloads like New Yorkers.

Kansas consists of a large number of ideas revolving at a high rate of speed. Even the weather has brain storms in Kansas, and when a collection of wind gets dizzy and starts across the State in a funnel-shaped gyroscope, the alarmed citizens rush for the polls under the impression that another populist campaign is imminent. Everyone in Kansas thinks and thinks out loud into his neighbor's ear with a megaphone. Reason is King in Kansas — almost any old reason. Senator Ingalls, the greatest remover of epidermis ever known in the United States Senate, is the State's greatest hero, and William Allen White, who once condensed an essay on "What is the matter with Kansas" into two columns and 789 adjectives, is its prophet.

Kansas once produced corner lots, grasshoppers and whiskers almost exclusively. Thirty years ago the rich men of the State were those who could put their possessions in their pockets and walk out of it while the poverty stricken masses had to stay behind and

pay taxes on 1,000 acres of land apiece. But the wild free air of the prairies produced thought and conversation, and this in time curdled the atmosphere and produced rain. After that Kansas turned its attention to wheat, literature, and legislation, and has made a marked success of all three. The Kansas farmer would blush if he were seen in a last year's automobile, and the Kansas legislature regulates railroad, appetites, weather, chorus girls and politicians with equal skill and energy. Kansas is also famed for its fixed literary stars, White, Howe and Walt Mason, who only visit New York once a year and then with return tickets safely tucked away.

Kansas is a semi-arid state in its large cities, and is so dry in its small towns that visitors from St. Louis have to drink spring tonic all summer to keep their throats from season-cracking. The State has more college students per thousand people, sends more editors to Congress, and has more jails which are being used for hen houses than any other State. It was once the home of bad men with nervous and hasty revolvers. But by allowing these citizens full play upon each other they were gradually exterminated, and Kansas now produces best sellers and reformers, and is acquiring not only tall brows, but deep pockets. It will never outvote the nation, but it has been out-talking it already for many years.

ARIZONA

THE YOUNGEST STATE

ARIZONA was made by Nature in a frivolous and contradictory mood a few million years ago, just to show man, when he arrived, what she could do when she felt like it. And man has admitted that in the case of Arizona she has done a plenty. She has made rivers which are dusty on top and has put most of the drinking water in the State a mile underground. She has made red, yellow and blue deserts and mountains which rise 10,000 feet high without any foothills or preliminaries. She made beautiful valleys and forgot to sweep the 1,000 ton bowlders out of them when she had finished. She made the mesas, which started out to become mountains, but became tired at the first story, and which have vast flat tops leveled off by a celestial jackplane. She made the Gila monster, whose looks are almost fatal. She made the Grand Canyon, in which she opened the earth's side for 250 miles and laid bare its granite ribs. And lastly she covered the whole exhibition with a climate in which bugs and microbes cannot live, and in which a man has to have about ninety years' practice in order to die without assistance.

Arizona is the grandfather of the continent geologically and the baby of the States politically. It was first settled several thousand years before the Pilgrim fathers came over, and many of the houses built by the original inhabitants are in a better state of

preservation than some of the railroad depots in the State to-day. Arizona has the finest collection of prehistoric ruins in the country, not excepting the Republican National Committee, but it is only in the last few years that men have learned how to live in it successfully and to refrain from the six-shooter. Tombstone is one of the oldest towns in the State and its name explains the slow growth of Arizona as a Territory. In Southern Arizona the thermometers are fitted with safety valves, and for many years the inhabitants ventilated each other with revolver bullets in an unsuccessful effort to keep comfortable.

Arizona is now growing rapidly and contains 210,000 people — two for each square mile. The State is thus not yet congested with citizens, and in some of the northern precincts across from the Grand Canyon, election returns have to be sent in to the county seat by aeroplane. Arizonians are of two classes — those who can't go away because they can't live anywhere else, and those who don't go away because they won't live anywhere else. The soil of the State is a pulverized sandstone and will grow canyons, mirages and sage brush successfully. When irrigated, it produces enormous crops, however, and some vast reclamation projects are being completed, including the Roosevelt Dam, which is the largest of its kind west of Wall Street.

Arizona is afflicted with a five-cent-a-mile railroad fare, which interferes considerably with the cause of the poor young candidate, and makes automobiles an economy instead of a luxury. It is weird to look at, but healthy to breathe and is filled with people who are proud of it — now that the bad men and worse Indians have proven fatal to each other.

OHIO

THE HOME OF OUR RELATIVES

OHIO, with its scenic railway name, its huge and happy population, and its peculiar genius for getting what it wants politically is one of the most famous of the States. It is a medium sized commonwealth of 40,000 square miles, is about 100 years old and contains 4,500,000 resident members, with non-resident or alumni associations in every State of the Union.

Ohio is eastern enough to be conservative, and western enough to be breezy. It is the spot, in fact, on which the East and the West shake hands. Most Ohio families came from New York and New England, while most western families lived in Ohio at one time. Therefore, when an Ohio man runs for a national office, it is strictly a family affair throughout the United States, and he is almost impossible to beat.

Ohio people cultivate the soil with great energy, encouraging it to produce grain, grapes, grindstones, pottery and oil derricks in vast quantities. The iron ore from Minnesota, and the coal from Pennsylvania also collide in Ohio, producing steel mills, which cover a quarter section of land apiece, and are making metropoli of towns, whose citizens only a few years ago had to stop the local passenger trains with red lanterns when they wanted to travel. Besides steel products, Ohio also manufactures cash registers, automobile tires, rubber boots, college graduates, and

presidents. Six American presidents have been Ohio made. They have all been Republican, but the State is now experimenting with a Democratic model, which it hopes to introduce at an early date. Ohio also has more colleges of the fresh-water or non-intoxicating variety than any other State. It is possible to travel from Ashtabula to Cincinnati without getting out of hearing of a college yell or a Mackinac coat.

The metropolis of Ohio is Cleveland, to the intense disgust of Cincinnati, which was once the largest city west of Philadelphia. Other great Ohio towns are Toledo, Columbus and Dayton, each of which is larger than the metropolis of Texas, Iowa, Kansas, or twenty other States.

Ohio is full of brave and busy men who toil earnestly 364 days in the year and vote on the 365th day with such ardor and persistence that much trouble and embarrassment sometimes result. It is the fourth State in the Union in importance, but shivers in its sleep when it thinks of Texas, which is surging up behind like a herd of stampeding steers.

ILLINOIS

THE PRODUCER OF CHICAGO

ILLINOIS is a way station on the westward course of empire, the last stop before the Mississippi River, and in the last 100 years has succeeded in permanently detaining a population of 5,700,000 people, almost all of whom can point to some other part of the nation and say, fondly, "Grandfather came from there."

Illinois is printed in various colors on the map, but as a matter of fact, is a deep black State, with a ten-foot soil, which can raise 20-foot cornstalks, and can put an industrious farmer into the automobile class in three crops. Two generations ago, the State gave Lincoln, Grant, Logan and Douglas to the nation, but the statesman vein has been pinching out ever since.

Illinois is the third State in the Union in population, wealth and manufactures; the first in railroads and agricultural products; the second in coal; the third in petroleum; the second in college attendance, and the first in production of beefsteaks and bacon. It is a long State, with a waist-line like that of our youngest ex-President, and a backbone composed of the Illinois Central Railroad. It reaches from the lower edge of the frozen North to the upper edge of the Sunny South, and Spring begins at Cairo before ice-cutting is over at Galena. This makes Illinois people vary greatly in temperament, customs, habits, politics, and thousands of northern Illinoisans who can find their

way around Paris alone, would take a guide if they ventured below the middle of their own State.

Northern and central Illinois are full of farmer aristocrats who raise leviathan hogs, and get a new model piano player every year. The southern part of the State has a strawberry blonde soil, and does not produce such luxuriant bank accounts. However, oil and coal in vast quantities have been discovered in this region of late, and many a farmer who has spent a disappointed life trying to fatten a red pig on his frugal farm, is now ordering \$25 worth of bacon and eggs each morning in some New York hotel.

Illinois is composed of two almost equal parts — Chicago and the rest of the State. Down State Illinois is speckled with pleasant little cities and large red barns, while Chicago attends almost exclusively to the task of swelling the State's population. The finest scenery in the State is at "Starved Rock" — a great eminence on the Illinois River, named in honor of the last people who starved in Illinois — over 200 years ago.

CALIFORNIA

THE TOURIST'S PARADISE

CALIFORNIA is a large, elbow-shaped State, which abuts on the Pacific Ocean for 1,000 miles, and is the western terminus of the sleeping-car business in this country. It extends from Mexico to Oregon laterally, from late winter to early summer climatically, and from affluence to railroad lunch counters, viewed strictly from the tourist's standpoint.

California is shut off from the rest of the nation by mountains, deserts, the Grand Canyon, and a railroad fare varying from \$60 to \$100. In spite of this fact Californians speak perfectly good United States, produce splendid ball players and insurgers with all the skill and enthusiasm of Kansans.

California was discovered almost 400 years ago, but was not advertised much until 1849, when its soil was found to be strongly impregnated with gold. This caused a mad rush of settlers, and the State became immediately popular. Some years afterward the Californians experimented with oranges and found that the air was also strongly impregnated with gold. This caused a second rush. Later on the climate was analyzed by skillful press agents and was found to be warm in winter. This caused a rush of tourists who were more strongly impregnated with gold than either the soil or the air. In consequence California now has almost 2,500,000 people, and there are hardly enough

pedestrians among them to keep the automobile owners amused.

California was a wild State in the fifties, and many of its citizens died from inhaling revolver bullets. But it has tamed down a great deal and is now a favorite place of residence for aged and prosperous Americans who have become tired of shoveling the climate of Massachusetts or Illinois off their sidewalks. California has thousands of citizens who never saw a snowstorm until the election of Governor Johnson, and it is possible to sit on the sun porch of a southern California residence in the middle of January and write souvenir cards to the dear ones at home in the drifts, without thawing out one's fountain pen for days at a time. California's climate has produced many poets and artists and a large number of liars, who forget to talk about the Arctic evenings when they chant its perfections.

California produces oranges, lemons, prunes, ostrich feathers, redwood lumber, virgin gold, four-foot oysters, millionaire hotel keepers and many other valuable articles in great quantities. The Southern Pacific railroad held the State in slavery until recently, but it is now a free commonwealth, and its men and women go to vote against assorted tyrants, arm in arm. Just at present California's chief occupations are to guard the United States against the yellow peril, by making Japan mad, and to complete its world's fair, which will be unveiled in San Francisco in 1915.

PENNSYLVANIA

HEADQUARTERS FOR HEAT

PENNSYLVANIA is a stern and rugged State, all broken out with mountains, which are full of coal, oil, gas and iron. Its effort to get all of these substances out of its system has made Pennsylvania the busiest State in the Union. Most States quit work at supper time, but Pennsylvania keeps right on all night, smelting its iron with its gas, and making coke of its coal and producing thereby such a lurid inferno of flame that when a Western Pennsylvanian dies and goes to hell, as some of them do, his first act is to hunt for a push button to turn on some light and heat.

Pennsylvania is a 45,000 square mile rectangle, slightly dog-eared at the eastern end. It extends from Lake Erie to the Delaware River, and is traversed by the Susquehanna, the Allegheny, the Youghiogheny and the Monongahela Rivers, most of which are navigable, as far as the third syllable. It has nearly 8,000,000 people, and yet there are places in Pennsylvania where a man could get lost and wander for days and days without having to dodge a single automobile.

The chief features of Pennsylvania are Philadelphia, which has amassed 1,400,000 people and a city hall 537 feet high in 200 years; Pittsburg, which is a brunette town, containing the largest millionaire factory in the world; the oil fields, which have covered a large area with a thick beard of derricks, and the State Capitol, a handsome \$4,000,000 building which contains the finest

collection of cast iron bronze in the world. The prominent citizens are Boies Penrose, who has done the voting for Pennsylvania for a great many years; George F. Baer, personal representative of Providence in the coal fields, and Edward Bok, inventor of 700,000 ways of making the home happier, among which Votes for Women is not included.

Pennsylvania was discovered and started forward by William Penn, the Quaker, and has had a glorious and peaceful history. It produced the Declaration of Independence and afterward entertained the British army in Philadelphia for a year, sending it forth at last too fat to fight. It was invaded by the Confederates in 1863 and the Progressives captured it in 1912.

Pennsylvania contains many splendid and refined people, and English is spoken fluently in many parts of the State. It lights and heats the nation, provides it with railroads, light reading, correspondence courses, and Progressive electoral votes, and is a thoroughly useful commonwealth. It is growing rapidly and will soon be as large as the Pennsylvania railroad.

INDIANA

PROVIDER OF VICE-PRESIDENTS

INDIANA is generally located just west of the Presidency and also southeast of Chicago and twenty-four hours by mail from the prominent publishing-houses of the United States. It has 2,700,000 people who are so equally divided politically that the birth of twins in a Republican family has an effect on the betting odds twenty-one years later. Indiana has vibrated between Republicanism and Democracy with great intelligence and foresight, having only guessed wrong, nationally, once in its history. Its chief products are Vice-Presidents and best sellers.

Indiana abuts on Lake Michigan and is rapidly covering its sand dunes in the north with factories which have escaped from Chicago, to the immense disgust of the latter. South of this is the natural gas belt, which was first discovered because of the immense output of statesmen in this vicinity. A stratum of authors lies south of the natural gas belt, while a thick deposit of colleges covers the western border of the State. South of the author belt is ancient Indiana, which was settled first, but is now given over largely to the production of quaint characters for fiction, being unexcelled for this purpose.

Indiana people are intensely loyal to their State, and are bound together by common ties, chiefly inter-urban ties. It is possible to catch a 9 A. M. car to Indianapolis from almost any Indiana town and to return

before evening, and almost everybody does it. Indiana people have supported each other for office so vigorously that the State's production of public men is second only to Ohio, and it has supported its authors so courageously that the Congressional Library at Washington has been compelled to rent a large barn as an annex to its Indiana department. Riley, Ade, Tarkington, McCutcheon, Eggleston, Wallace, Nicholson, Major, Thompson, Mrs. Porter and Kin Hubbard are the products of which Indiana is the fondest, and the State firmly believes that if Shakespeare had lived near an Indiana college he might have been a great author, too.

Indiana people helped free the colonies and the negroes with exceptional bravery and are now discussing the personal liberty question with everything from brickbats to injunctions. The State is not growing very fast, but when its various annexes to Chicago and Pittsburg are completed and in full blast, it will boom once more and will cover the swamps of the northeast section with colleges and Carnegie libraries.

MISSOURI

THE OLD-FASHIONED STATE

MISSOURI, the patriarch of States west of the Mississippi, is a big State with real boundary lines. When you get out of it you can notice the difference without looking at the map. It has temperament, history, pride and a sense of humor. Missouri people get more fun out of talking about Missouri than they do by going to comic opera. Missouri is one of our national pleasantries, and helps make life happier in this commercial and busy nation.

Missouri is a plain, downright, old-fashioned State and proud of it. It has 3,300,000 people, divided into two classes — those who call the State “Mizzoury” and love it and those who call it “Missoura” and wish it had more society and less mules. It is the seventh State in population, the third in corn, ninth in railroads, sixth in number of school children, first in mules and last in credulity. Owing to the passion which Missourians have for “being shown” and for showing each other up, politics in the State has been an earnest and wakeful operation for the last seventy years.

Missouri is modern at the eastern end in St. Louis, and at its western end in Kansas City. It is also being modernized in the legislature at Jefferson City, the capital. It is historic along the Mississippi, with a French accent, unreconstructed in Clay County, and primitive in the Ozarks, where the locomotive is less familiar to the children than the Mastodon. It is

divided into two varying parts by the restless Missouri River, and by the local option fight. It has produced Mark Twain, the James boys, Joseph Folk, Adolphus Busch, the science of osteopathy and the road drag. Missouri is so backward that ante-bellum picnics are still held in some parts and is so advanced that when an octopus reaches a tentacle across the State line, said tentacle is cut off and hung up in the Statehouse as a trophy.

Missouri was settled 150 years ago, but has remained unsettled ever since. It fought itself vigorously in the Civil War, and has been revolving politically of late with extreme rapidity. It was once the fifth State in population in the Union, but has been passed by Massachusetts and Texas, owing to the vast number of Missourians who have strayed across the State line at Kansas City and St. Louis and have settled on suburban but alien soil. However, one Missouri man can create as much interest and excitement as two ordinary men and the State will never be unimportant.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE LARGEST STATE FOR ITS SIZE

MASSACHUSETTS is the Roosevelt of the States. It is the best advertised of all our commonwealths and is continually in the spotlight for one reason or another. It contained the Pilgrim Fathers, the Salem witches and Brook farm. It started the Revolution and the abolition movement and seethed with great men for two centuries, though just at present its tombstones are more illustrious than its representatives in "Who's Who."

Massachusetts also contains Harvard University, the Hoosac tunnel, the Bunker Hill Monument, Thos. W. Lawson and Boston, with the accent — and be careful about it, please — on the latter. It is, in fact, the biggest little State in the Union. In the beginning it chose a name five sizes too large for it, but has managed to live up to it and then some. It only contains 8,000 square miles, or slightly more than a Texas cattle ranch. But 3,300,000 people live on this patch of ground and there are few localities in the State lonely enough for a man to practice on the cornet without being a public nuisance.

Massachusetts was settled in 1620 by the Pilgrim Fathers. The Fathers were not proud, but their descendants have made up for this. The State devoted its first 100 years to grubbing the rocks, trees and Indians from the soil, its next century to producing patriots and statesmen and the succeeding fifty years to

producing poets and philosophers. Since then, Massachusetts has contented itself with producing cotton, woolen, and shoe mills. These are managed by foreigners who now live in the State in such vast quantities that cities like Lowell and Lynn and Fall River have American Consuls and New England clubs.

Massachusetts abounds in factories, good roads, trolley cars, historical societies, Congregational churches and superfluous "r's." The New Englander carries a pepper pot full of extra "r's" and sprinkles his conversation with them with great industry. He is also inveterately hostile to the final "g." Massachusetts has always wanted its dialect adopted as the official language of the United States, but this cannot be because it takes a man four generations to learn it.

Massachusetts has many large cities, which are continually spoiling beautiful farming country by sprawling out over it. Boston is the metropolis of the State. It is a large, irregular congestion at the eastern end with a fine reputation for learning and an exciting history, having been captured by the British in 1774, by the Americans in 1775 and by the Irish a few years ago.

Massachusetts produces Presidents, pugilists and champion baseball teams with equal facility. It is proud of itself and doesn't care who knows it. Others may praise Massachusetts, but it is a waste of time, because Massachusetts is too busy praising itself to hear them.

THE STATE OF MAINE

THE RIGHT BOWER

THE State of Maine is an irregular knob on the northeast corner of the map of the United States. It is surrounded by Canada on the north and east, the Atlantic Ocean on the south and the Boston & Maine railroad on the west, so escape is almost impossible.

Maine is a rough, rugged country full of rough, rugged names such as "Androscoggin," "Aroostock," "Damariscotta," and "Molechunkemunk." It has been settled for about 250 years, but in spite of this, very few Maine farms have been entirely un-bowldered as yet. The first crop off of the Maine farm is a stone house, and the next few crops are stone barns, stone fences, stone well curbs, stone sheep houses, and stone walks. The stone boat is a familiar and useful craft throughout the State and has hauled enough rocks off of Maine farms in the last century to hide the pyramids under billions of tons of glacial drift.

The climate of Maine is dry by a very small majority and is automatically refrigerated throughout the greater part of the year. It gets through snowing in Maine in the spring, just in time to cloud up and prepare for the first fall flurry. The population of the State is about 750,000 people, most of whom are huddled together in the extreme southern section for warmth's sake. Owing to the climate, it is hard to raise much of anything in Maine except hotel prices.

The seacoast of Maine resembles a piece of Battenberg lace and is profusely speckled with summer hotels. In the spring the Maine hotel-keeper takes a room, which would rent for \$1.25 a month during the winter, and by judiciously mixing it with climate, manages to raise the price to \$7.00 a day by July.

Besides hotel prices, Maine raises hay, potatoes, pine trees, and statesmen. The entire north end of the State is a shaggy growth of timber. This section, however, is being rapidly barbered by the lumber interests. Maine statesmen are of the finest brand and when a Maine man goes to Congress he usually remains there until death doth him part. The climate of his home State undoubtedly accounts for the tenacity with which the Maine statesman clings to Washington.

For many years Maine was one of the vested interests of the Republican Party, but it recently went Democratic with some emphasis and nowadays when the old-fashioned Maine farmer gets out in the morning, he looks over to the West to see if the sun has changed its habits too.

FLORIDA

THE SOUTHEAST BOWER

FLORIDA is a vast expanse of water, sand and climate, which sticks out about 400 miles into the ocean at the southeast corner of the nation, and is as hard to dodge as a sore thumb. For many years it was the vermiform appendix of the United States. No particular use for it was known, and the Seminole Indians kept it in a constant state of inflammation. It is now being extensively cultivated, however, and is growing faster than any other Southern State, though goodness knows it needs to, having only 750,000 souls and a few thousand hotel-keepers.

Florida was discovered by Ponce de Leon almost 400 years ago and immediately became famous for its wonderful climate. Ever since then people have been going to Florida to enjoy the climate and coming back to enjoy society. This shows Florida's simplicity. In California the man who arrives to enjoy the climate is treated so hospitably that he never saves money enough to come back.

However, in the past few years a few great hotels have been built in Florida, and it is now possible to go down there swelled all out of shape with money and be successfully treated for the affliction in a very few weeks.

Florida is divided equally into timber, swamps and orange groves. It contains the Everglades, the greatest swamp in America. It is so large that the Agri-

cultural department almost got mired in it recently. It also contains the only sea-going railroad in the world, running to Key West over 100 miles of water and keys. The Florida key is a peculiar one made out of coral, and is almost as big as an old-fashioned New England house key.

Florida ships oranges, grapefruit, alligators and cigars to the world. If it were not for Florida, mankind would be able to swear off smoking. In fact, this would be almost necessary. Florida also contains the oldest city in the United States — St. Augustine — which is one of the celebrated sleeping beauties. The metropolis of the State is Jacksonville, which has grown out of general stores into skyscrapers in the last ten years. The capital is Tallahassee, of which no more is known.

Florida is now very prosperous. Buying Florida land is a national diversion and selling Florida land is one of the surest roads to wealth.

CITIES

American cities are the most colossal infants on the globe. Few of them are old enough to stop growing and none old enough to keep their faces clean.

American cities are alike in their ambition — which is to gain 100 per cent. in population by the next census; in their pride which is in their big new skyscraper; in their billboards which advertise the same plays, cigarettes and breakfast foods; in their emotions which occur from 3 to 5 P.M. during the baseball season; and in their government in which grave scandal has recently been disclosed. They lead the world in their progress, amaze it with their energy, inspire it with their ideals and shock it with their looks.

Anything which can be said about American cities to-day is out of date to-morrow and this refers particularly to government and appearance.

NEW ORLEANS

NEW ORLEANS is a foreign city which was left behind when the French and Spanish evacuated America and which remained in a petrified and most attractive state until the wave of modern progress rolled over it a few years ago.

New Orleans is the metropolis of the South and has been owned by five nations since it was founded something over 200 years ago. The French and Spanish fought for it, the English captured it, the Americans bought it and the Confederate States gave it up to the United States fifty years ago. Of late the city has been absorbing Americanism rapidly, having adopted skyscrapers, ward politics, baseball and department stores with great enthusiasm.

New Orleans lies on the broad flat Louisiana lowlands, a few feet below the Mississippi River, which flows past its front door and has to be kept out of the city by means of levees which are so tall that no one who is not a good climber can fall into the river. Its low situation has complicated life in New Orleans and has caused the elevated cisterns and tombs for which the city is famous. It is possible to tell the wealth of a New Orleans citizen by the number of cisterns he has piled one above the other in his back yard, and a man with a four-story cistern is regarded with awe. New Orleans citizens are not extravagant while living, but are rather ostentatious when dead. A New Orleans man will live contentedly for seventy years in an un-

painted frame dwelling in order to save up money for a magnificent two-story tomb in Metairie Cemetery.

New Orleans is the center of Southern wealth, fashion, industry and commerce, and has its own individual steamship lines to Europe and South America. It is a substantially built city whose old streets are a forest of green iron work porches, and whose street cars will not only take a man out to the suburbs, but will retrieve him for the same nickel. It is divided into To-day and Yesterday by Canal Street, which is so wide that four car tracks and an automobile race on either side are accommodated. On one side of Canal Street English is spoken fluently, while on the other side the inhabitants still talk with their shoulders and eyebrows, and the scattered remnants of an eighteenth century French aristocracy still maintain a French opera house and a little cemetery so exclusive that the only way to get into it is to edge in beside the bones of a great-great-grand-parent.

The climate of New Orleans is fine in March. The city has 350,000 people and is waiting for the Panama Canal with the eagerness of a place which is tired of history and tourists and wants to dabble in corner lots and building records for a change.

PITTSBURG

PITTSBURG is a coal-black metropolis, with flame trimmings, and inhabited by joy-riders on the steel tariff.

Over 500,000 people live in Pittsburg and several hundred millionaires, scattered around the world, live on it. Pittsburg makes most of the steel for the universe and has steel mills instead of cabbage patches for suburbs. Ten shiploads of iron ore are mixed with ten trainloads of coal every day and the result is a ring of permanent volcanoes around the city. When these are in full blast they form a Great Red Way, of which Pittsburg is much prouder than New York is of her Gay White Way. As a matter of fact Pittsburg's Red Way is largely responsible for New York's White Way. A millionaire fully equipped is turned out of her steel mills every time the sun sets and a Pittsburg millionaire gets into trouble in New York every time the sun rises.

Pittsburg is located in the western part of Pennsylvania, where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers join and boil their combined names down into the Ohio. Originally Pittsburg had an annex called Allegheny City, which was a desert of front doors, without a post-office, railroad station or theater. But it followed the example of its steel trust and benevolently assimilated its rival, thus becoming the eighth city in size in the country. It climbs the steep hills from the river banks in all directions and has made their summits bristle with twenty-story buildings. It is well built but poorly ven-

tilated, and on damp, cloudy days looks like the inside of a cistern with the lid on.

Pittsburg people have two recreations — winning baseball pennants and founding banks. It has more banks than any city in the world. A Pittsburg man who isn't a bank director is as lonely as a Boston man whose great-great-great-grandfather isn't buried in the old Granery cemetery. There are 100 banks in Pittsburg, and they have driven the drug stores and saloons off of all the good corners in the town.

Andrew Carnegie and Hans Wagner are Pittsburg's two greatest citizens, and are very kind to their home town. Carnegie is always building a technical school or a library or a music hall, and Wagner is continually publishing a home run just in time to wallop the Chicago team.

Pittsburg is one of the few walled towns in America. It is strongly garrisoned by the Pennsylvania railroad, which has repelled with great slaughter all attempts by rival railroads to enter the city.

CHICAGO

CHICAGO is one of the greatest feats ever performed by the human race. It is only seventy-five years old, and yet it is the fifth city in the world in size, and leads the world in lung development. In 1837, Chicago consisted of a drug store, a main street, and ninety-nine signs, advertising malaria remedies. To-day it has 2,250,000 inhabitants, and the city of seventy-five years ago could be successfully lost in the largest of its six union depots.

Chicago was founded in the swamp on the shores of Lake Michigan by a lot of thirty-third degree hustlers. There was no excuse for the city, but this didn't bother its founders. First they manufactured the Chicago River out of a muddy little creek. Then they built railroads, and encouraged people to build towns along the railroads, and thus provide a reason for their existence. Later on, to save time lost by chills and fever, they boosted the entire city fifteen feet into the air, the greatest feat of second-story work in history. Then they turned the Chicago River around and made it run backward in order to get rid of their sewerage. Finally, because the Illinois Central Railroad would not get off the lake shore, they moved the lake shore away from it. They are now busy revising the climate, and if they ever have any trouble with their electric light companies, they will probably put a new sun on the night shift. The only way to get ahead of a Chicagoan is to get busy and finish up before he is born.

Chicago was burned in 1871, with a loss of \$200,000,000, but business was only slightly interfered with for a few days. The city captured the packing business of the country by loading hogs in an endless railway and butchering them at a speed of thirty miles an hour. It invented the skyscraper in order to save the trouble of building thick stone walls, and it spent \$50,000,000 in advertising by building a World's Fair twenty years ago. It has put 1,000 miles of its railways on stilts to save wear and tear on its citizens, and in the late eighties, when business was dull, it went out and annexed twenty-five towns, four townships, two rivers, three lakes, a sleeping car trust, four primeval forests and a cattle ranch. It is now putting its coal wagons and drays underground, is pushing the lake back an additional half mile, and is making grand opera pay dividends.

Chicago has thirty-three railroads and every one of them ends in the city. Five hundred passenger trains a day enter the city, and in each one of them the porter announces, "Chicago; all out." Most of these passengers give up trying to find the station to which which they must transfer, and become permanent residents. Chicago has a \$30,000,000 University, an honestly built city hall, a store so large that it furnishes guides for its customers, and a baseball team that has won eleven pennants. The city is dirty, but no dirtier than any infant. It is very healthy, except to cattle and hogs. The favorite diversions of Chicago men are looping the loop, taking political conventions away from New York, showing visitors through the stock yards, and leaving a million to some Chicago institution.

LOS ANGELES

LOS ANGELES began business quite modestly a generation ago with a few houses and a full stock of fancy climate, which it has since been retailing to tourists and retired business men at the highest market prices. The city owes its great success to the fact that it has over 100,000 traveling representatives constantly advertising its wares. During the winter most of the citizens of the mid-west, who have made money enough to flee from the furnace room and coal bill, journey to Los Angeles and spend the winter sitting under orange trees and writing letters back to the shivering East. In the spring, they go back home and talk climate. In this way they have worked up so much business for Los Angeles that the city has grown from 100,000 to 325,000 people in ten years; and they pay Los Angeles for doing it. The highest type of advertising is always the kind for which the advertiser gets paid himself.

Los Angeles is situated in a desert which can be readily transformed into fruit orchards and Italian gardens, by means of a hose and a pump. It is composed in equal parts of people who are spending money and of people who are helping them spend it. This helps business immensely and keeps everyone so happy that the only way to make a Los Angel stop talking about his city is to shift the subject to fleas.

The Los Angeles climate is so salubrious that invalids who go out there with fractional lungs come back

home and out-talk strong men on the subject of California. It is a dry, sunny climate conducive to the raising of lemons, oranges, prunes, hotel prices and dust. One can go without an overcoat all day throughout the winter in Los Angeles and sometimes during summer evenings. This climate has benefited everyone who has tried it with the exception of the McNamara brothers, and if the city were not at the far end of a \$75 railroad fare it would now have several million inhabitants.

Los Angeles is full of hustle, happiness and big ideas. It has the largest interurban system in the world and builds skyscrapers more industriously than any other city, except Chicago and New York. It is piping its drinking water several hundred miles and has recently annexed an ocean harbor, a mountain and a small desert. It can be reached by taking a train de luxe, fitted with Turkish baths, libraries, music rooms, gymnasiums, conservatories and rathskellers, and getting off when the smell of oranges gets thick enough to eat.

Los Angeles has more beautiful homes than any other city of its size, and welcomes all the world to come out and squat on the shining sands in the outskirts. Residents are admitted to citizenship as soon as they can say "Lohs Anghlais" fluently, and everyone over twenty-one years of age, skirted or panted, is allowed one vote at each election. And Los Angeles elections are more interesting than New Haven football games.

NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK CITY is the biggest city in the world, not because it has the most people but because it does the biggest things.

New York has only a paltry 5,000,000 people including millionaires not taxed while London has 8,000,000 who live near enough to it to be annoyed by motor omnibuses. But New York makes London look like a collection of Dutch ovens. New York contains the tallest buildings in the world, the greatest bridges in the world, the largest railroad station in the world, the greatest commerce, the most terrific hotels, the loudest subways, the most prominent baseball team, the greatest financiers and the most princely grafters on this planet or any other so far as known.

New York, in fact, is so big that many a small man has swelled up until he burst while trying to fit it. New York was founded on Manhattan Island almost 300 years ago but has now spread out over the country like a heavy rash until flat buildings are being built as far north as Yonkers and as far up as the third Satellite of Jupiter. The city takes the raw immigrants from Europe and works them up into census statistics and garment workers at the rate of 200,000 a year. It also takes young geniuses of all kinds from the West and dooms them to a life of poverty at \$15,000 a year on the nineteenth floor of an apartment house. It leads the nation in finance, commerce, manufactures, skyscrapers, reactionaries, drama, dress suits, hotel

prices, automobiles and press agents. One reason why New York has become so famous is the fact that her writers would rather advertise her free of charge than get \$1,000 a week for exploring Chicago and other sections of the wild interior.

New York is famous for its \$15,000,000 private residences and also for its skill in stuffing 5,000 people into a single block on the East Side. It has produced Theodore Roosevelt, J. P. Morgan and George M. Cohan, but only worships the last two. It is the richest city in the world and doesn't give a whoop who knows it. It is connected with the rest of the nation by six tunnels and a few congressmen and with Europe by twenty steamship lines and 150 fathers-in-law of titles.

The most celebrated sights in New York are Wall Street, Broadway, the fifty-story office buildings, Central Park, the East River Bridges, the Statue of Liberty, the Pennsylvania Station, China-town, the Hungarian restaurants, the Jewish quarter, little Italy, the Irish consulate at the city hall, the Viennese operas, the English clothes on Fifth Avenue, the old Dutch aristocracy, the African prizefighters, the Turkish batns and an American alderman on Long Island.

One could easily spend a month seeing sights in New York but owing to the far greater ease with which one can spend everything else he has most people come home at the end of a week in the day coach.

SEATTLE

SEATTLE is a contagion which is spreading rapidly over the shores of Puget Sound and has so far permanently affected 237,000 people. It covers 110 square miles and is called a city by its inhabitants and a forest reservation by Tacoma and other jealous rivals.

Seattle stands on the salt shores of Puget Sound at an average angle of forty degrees, it being necessary in spots for the intrepid Seattler to use an Alpine stock while chasing the mountain goats off of his mansard garden. A man named Thompson has been changing all this by washing the hills out from under the business section and then lowering the buildings to earth by means of parachutes. Because of this, Seattle is the only city in the world which has a skyline that is going down and the old resident who comes back after a few years' absence has to take a balloon to find the spots where he played in his childhood. Thanks to Mr. Thompson, a good many Seattle cellars are now twenty stories above the street, but the business thoroughfares are now fairly level and the citizen who slips on a banana peel while going to his bank does not have to take an elevator back to pick up his hat.

Seattle was founded in 1852, but owing to the damp climate and the scarcity of settlers equipped with both lungs and gills, it grew very slowly and only acquired a population of 150 in the first ten years. Up to twenty years ago, it was a vast wooden town which was

extended by the simple process of cutting down a pine tree and building a house out of it. Then the Klondike was discovered and every prospector who went north spent what he had in Seattle on leaving and what he had found on returning. Seattle then grew to 80,000 people with huge awkward jumps and has soared into the big city class during the last ten years with a rapidity which makes Chicago's early growth seem timid and conservative.

Seattle is a modern municipality with all the latest improvements in government, including a mayor with a return string firmly attached to him and women equipped with the divine right of suffrage and a fine taste in clothes. The city has been built in great haste and still has skyscraper office buildings and skyscraper forest trees in adjoining wards, as well as Totem poles on its main street, and a \$5,000,000 university farther out. It has a magnificent harbor in front, from which Hong Kong and Yokohama can be reached without change, and a splendid back drop called Mt. Ranier, though the man who called it this in Tacoma would be prejudicing his accident insurance. The city is growing so fast that even the most skillful San Franciscan finds it hard to get haughty within its limits, and it will have 400,000 people in 1920 unless the census is conducted by rank reactionaries.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., the metropolis of the forty-eight Washingtons in this country, and the capital of the United States, is located by the Potomac and between Virginia and Maryland under the thumb of Congress. It was built to order in 1800, and was laid out by an artist who filled it full of diagonal avenues and little squares which are now infested with statues. Congress is forever punishing some statesman by erecting a statue of him in a public square and the directory of Washington statues is larger than the telephone book.

Washington has only one object in life which is to hold the government of the United States. It began in a modest way and was burned out in 1814 by the British, but has been enlarged from time to time to accommodate the growing hordes of officials until it now has 350,000 people. Washington contains 600 congressmen and senators and thousands of other important officials who enrich the city by paying \$25.00 a week board. Senators are so common in Washington that no church social is a success without half a dozen and the congressman who is so big in his home town that they name children after him has to give a cigar to a Washington reporter to get his name in the paper.

Washington is called the city of magnificent distances. This is because it is 1,500 miles from the center of the country and has until recently been 1,000,000 miles from the people. It has wide shady streets paved

with asphalt in the winter and hot tar in the summer and is speckled with vast buildings erected by Congress for the use of sightseers. It contains the Capitol and the White House, Washington's monument, which was the first American skyscraper, a forty-acre depot, a fifty-acre treasury and many other magnificent buildings which have been located with great care just next to prehistoric henhouses or antebellum oyster shops. Washington hops gayly from the sublime to the ridiculous and Pennsylvania Avenue, its greatest street, is composed alternately of \$4,000,000 buildings and shoe-shining parlors.

Washington is noted for its society which is illuminated with gold braid and foreign dignitaries and for the thick fog which covers it continually and prevents the officials from seeing what is going on back in the home districts. The climate is beautiful during a few days in April but varies the rest of the time from sloppy to superheated, and many a promising statesman's career has been cut short by getting his shoes full of Washington weather in February. Washington's climate has been the means of producing hundreds of political vacancies and thus encouraging rotation in office.

Washington has no factories and if the government should pack up and move away it would soon wither and die. It is, however, growing more beautiful each year and already causes the foreign visitor to speak kindly of it until he sticks fast in one of its asphalt streets during a hot day.

PHILADELPHIA

PHILADELPHIA is the largest village in the world. It is situated in Pennsylvania on the Delaware River and consists of 300,000 red brick dwelling houses with marble steps which are scrubbed every day by Philadelphia women and sat upon every summer evening by Philadelphia men. When a family gets so large that the steps cannot accommodate them, the eldest son marries and starts to fill a set of steps of his own.

Philadelphia is noted as a city of homes and regards New York with scorn as a city of cliff-dwellers.

Philadelphia is two stories high except in the center where it bulges terrifically for a few blocks. It contains the greatest locomotive works in the world, the greatest magazine publishing house, the largest park and the best baseball team. Philadelphia is supposed to be a sleepy town, but if it should ever wake up heaven help the rest of the world. It is one of the most versatile and energetic somnambulists in existence.

Philadelphia was founded in 1681 by William Penn, and many of the original buildings are still actively in business down in the wholesale section. In 1776, Philadelphia entertained the Continental Congress and the city still contains Liberty Hall and the Liberty Bell, having successfully defended it against many city administrations during the last century. In 1876, Philadelphia pulled off a Centennial exposition with great success and in 1912 it kicked out its grafters. Aside from these events it has rested quietly.

Philadelphia means "City of Brotherly Love" and is well named. Everyone loves his brother and his grandfather and all his cousins and miscellaneous relations, but heaven help the stranger who comes to Philadelphia. Seventy years ago some New York people moved to Philadelphia and the natives are just beginning to ask their grandchildren how they like their new home.

Philadelphia has about 1,500,000 people and is growing quietly at the rate of one square mile of houses a year. It is noted for its society which is quite simple, and still prefers to live in small houses around Rittenhouse Square and to go down town after breakfast after the mail. It is as impossible for the outsider to get into Philadelphia society as it seems to be for a modern Philadelphia statesman to get into history.

Philadelphia is surrounded by beautiful suburbs which can be viewed at the rate of three cents a mile on all railroads. It is less than 100 miles from New York which laughs at it, and is always alluding in some new manner to its sleepiness. However, the Philadelphian now retorts that it is never asleep around second base and this remark can be guaranteed to produce apoplexy in a New York man in five seconds or money refunded.

SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO is the largest city on the eastern coast of the Pacific Ocean. It is also the agreeable headquarters of the country. First it shakes and then it burns up. It has burned up three times and has now taken the hint and has kicked the grafters out.

San Francisco is located right side up with care on the side of the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay. It was founded in 1849 during the gold rush and has had an eventful career ever since. Said career came to a climax when the city fell down in 1905 and afterwards burned up with a loss of \$200,000,000. Thoughtless people say that there was an earthquake, but San Franciscans deny this. Some tourists who have been in the city in February declare that the city was only shivering during a bit of unusually San Franciscan weather, while others who have ridden down Jackson Street on a cable car claim that the city was merely sliding down hill. Anyway San Francisco is now completely rebuilt and is planning to tempt Fate again with a World's Fair in 1915. It is entirely fearless.

San Francisco has 450,000 people and 250,000 more live across the bay, where the climate does not go through the vest so easily. It is a proud, handsome, prosperous, cosmopolitan, vigorous and pungent city with ways of its own, and customs which make Easterners blink and gasp for breath at first. It produces large crops of artists, musicians, and writers, who are shipped when they are ripe to New York, and it also

produces peculiar brands of politicians who are shipped when they are a good deal over-ripe to San Quentin penitentiary. They used to say that the "Golden Gate," which lets the ocean into San Francisco Bay, wasn't real gold, because no politician had ever stolen it, but of late San Francisco has tried the new, non-adhesive brand of alderman with great success.

San Francisco is noted for its great bay, its magnificent hotels, its trained seals, the great residences of the early San Franciscans who became millionaires over night and recovered almost as quickly, its fine parks, its naughty and carefree restaurants and its Chinese quarter, which is larger than any west of Hong Kong. San Francisco is very proud of its Chinese, but when a Japanese is observed in the city the reserves are called out and the newspapers are fortified with extra large heads.

San Francisco stretches magnificently over the heights above the bay and is proud of its great hills, including Telegraph Hill and Nob Hill. But it would trade them both for James J. Hill and a little railroad competition. Much has been said of San Francisco's climate and the recording angel has been overworked on both sides. It is a fine climate and very reasonable in temperature, seldom falling below fifty, but the San Franciscan's pride in refusing to steam heat it has sent many visitors home with chilblains and unjust remarks.

KANSAS CITY

KANSAS CITY, the largest and loudest city in the Middle West, is located beside and occasionally under the Missouri River. The city is in Missouri, but is so close to the State line that about 100,000 of its inhabitants have spilled over into Kansas, where they are irretrievably lost for census purposes. In spite of this Kansas City has 250,000 citizens who do as much work and make as much noise doing it as a million New Englanders.

Kansas City was first located beneath the bluffs of the Missouri, but climbed these bluffs with great exertion many years ago and has now spread over several dozen hills in a manner which makes a ride in a Kansas City street car resemble a trip in a scenic railway. The business section occupies two hills and a valley and the quickest way to get down to Main Street is to sit down on Ninth and slide or take an elevator on the ground floor of a Grand Avenue building and go down three stories. Kansas City cellars are made of rock and have to be pried out with dynamite whenever a building is inserted in them. Digging cellars is a favorite Kansas City excitement and the resident who has not been shot in the neck with a jagged piece of real estate is not considered naturalized.

Kansas City started out to become the metropolis of the world in 1890, but after building an elevated railroad and 19,000 real estate offices it sustained a puncture and ran with a flat wheel for many years. It is

now growing at the rate of 80,000 people per decade and will eventually pass New Orleans, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and Washington.

Kansas City packs hogs and cattle, sells implements and groceries to the great southwest and entertains relatives between trains. It has twenty railroads, all of whose trains enter a prehistoric union depot by a double track which always has a waiting list of passenger trains on it. For many years the city's local, State and national platform has been a new depot and the third largest station in the world is now being built \$1.00 by taxicab from the business section.

Kansas City has more good-looking \$10,000 homes than any other American city, owing to the fact that when the builder gets his cellar blasted out he has enough material to build his house. Kansas City men work hard, but will always stop an hour or a day to talk about Kansas City in a low, well modulated shriek of enthusiasm. The city is full of concentrated hustle, but is also amusing itself by building parks, boulevards, paseos, cliff drives, and art galleries, and is going to be as handsome as any city in the world, or know the reason why.

BOSTON

BOSTON is a slightly congested portion of Massachusetts, containing 700,000 mortals and several thousand descendants of the early colonial governors. It is the fifth city in size in the United States and as soon as it has increased its membership limit by taking in Cambridge, Somerville and Brookline, which hedge it in on all sides, it will have a million people and citizens of St. Louis will expire in heaps from envy.

Boston is a small city in area, but emits a vast amount of intellectual atmosphere, being full of universities, institutes and high brow gymnasia of all sorts. This causes it to look coldly on the rude West and its people never weary of expressing in the most beautiful solid mahogany language their entire content with Boston. If a man hasn't a string of degrees after his name, which looks like the tail of a kite, he is received coldly in Boston, and is compelled to help govern the city for a living. Boston is run in the same old familiar way, and the third degree is the only degree with which its politicians are familiar.

Boston has other peculiar prides, too. A Boston man never tows his visitors around to see a twenty-story office building or a forty-acre factory. He talks about its public library and its ornamental river banks, its old churches, and its graveyards, and its history. Boston is so full of history that parts of the city are almost paved with brass memorial plates, while its

graveyards are full of famous old patriots, and the newcomer who is not related to some prominent tombstone, stands a poor chance indeed.

Boston abounds in chimney pots, ivy, street cars, spectacles, hallowed soil and old residences which are trying to disguise themselves as store buildings. Its only skyscraper is Bunker Hill Monument. A hotel, which once tried to elbow its way into the skyline, was rudely amputated at the eighth story by the department of public art. The city has been growing larger for three hundred years, but still uses the same little old streets which were laid out with the seams in Governor Winthrop's crazy quilt for a pattern. It is indeed a distressing sight to see a narrow and uncertain street, like Washington Street, trying to handle the retail business of a great metropolis, and to watch the street cars plowing through the mob and leaving the pedestrians in a great furrow on either side. Boston's most celebrated streets are Beacon Street, which was named from the literary lights which once resided on it and Commonwealth Avenue, so named because wealth is the only common thing on it.

The modern parts of Boston are very beautiful and the city has thoughtfully provided a subway by which the stranger can pass under the business portion and the celebrated Boston Common without seeing them.

DONATIONS FROM NATURE

Nature has dumped scenery into the United States as the multi-millionaire dumps bonds onto his children. There is enough scenery in this country to keep a billion tourists busy at once but most of it has been thoughtlessly located far from the large cities and the best hotels. If the American should See America First with care and thoroughness he would have to leave the job of seeing Europe to his heirs and assignees.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

THE Rocky Mountains form the most prominent feature of America. Even man, who in this thunderous country has built 800-foot skyscrapers, 1,000-acre factories and private residences so large that the butler answers the doorbell on roller skates, stands abashed and considerably impressed when he views these mountains, and does not even try to figure whether it would pay to remove them and plant the ground to turnips.

The Rocky Mountains begin in Alaska and end at Cape Horn. The southern half, however, are under different management, and are incorporated under the name of the Andes. The Rocky Mountains proper are confined mostly to the western part of the United States, and for many years were about the only proper things in that section. They are not as well advertised as the Alps, and tourists do not spend so much time in passionate endeavors to climb them. But they are much more expensively built. In fact, the material used in constructing the Rocky Mountains is of the very highest grade. Millions of tons of gold and silver have been worked into the designs of the various peaks, regardless of expense. This has made the Rocky Mountains very popular among miners of all nations and some of their majestic flanks in Colorado are so badly pitted with prospect holes as to make the casual tenderfoot wonder if mountains are subject to smallpox.

The Rocky Mountains first begin to dawn upon the casual traveler at the western edge of Kansas and Nebraska, at which point they look like strips of baby ribbon on the horizon. As the traveler approaches they become more prominent until they finally congest the landscape and infringe considerably upon the zenith. Colorado is full of snow-covered peaks, from two to almost three miles in height, and the rankest amateur can go out from his hotel in many a Colorado town and climb far enough in a few minutes to fall 800 feet in no time at all.

The Rocky Mountains occupy a great deal of what would otherwise be valuable farm land in this country and compel the transcontinental railroads to climb around their dizzy sides like cats upon a tin roof. But they keep the nation supplied with pocket money, wild west literature, grizzly bears, ozone and scenery, and now that the government is harnessing up the mountain streams, we may expect to see the day when the Rockies will do most of the heavy work for the nation. Much use can be made of a mountain if it is carefully tamed and taught to do such simple tricks as turning a turbine power wheel.

NIAGARA FALLS

NIAGARA FALLS is a large body of water stood up on end and entirely surrounded by souvenirs.

It is the largest piece of perpendicular wetness in the world, and if it were not for the noise made by the tourists and the hotel runners in the vicinity its roar could be heard for many miles.

Niagara Falls is the terminus of navigation on the Great Lakes. At a point within easy walking distance of 1,100 hotels, the Niagara River, half a mile wide, suddenly falls without any warning whatever over a precipice 164 feet high, forming the grandest sight in the universe, not excepting the horseshoe circle at New York Grand Opera. It is estimated that 500,000 people a year visit this cataract and most of them encourage it by having their photographs taken while standing beside it with an air of approval.

Niagara Falls was discovered by La Salle, who became aware of its presence while trying to paddle a canoe from Montreal to the Gulf of Mexico. He remained several months in the vicinity and came away without buying a single picture postal card, thus making a record which has never since been equaled. At this time Niagara was in a very wild and uncivilized state. Shortly after the Revolution, however, the falls were captured by the hackmen and have been in a state of captivity ever since. No cataract on earth has been so abused. It has been bridged, tunneled,

navigated, jumped over, tight-roped and illuminated. For fifty cents one may ride up to it from below in a boat and puff cigarette smoke in its face. For a dollar one can go down behind it in a rubber suit and feel of its ribs. Once the Indians worshiped it and called it a God. Now tourists ride around it in trolley cars and excursionists throw ham sandwiches in it as a boy would throw peanuts to an elephant.

Not only is Niagara Falls abused, but it is cruelly oppressed. It must turn the wheels of a hundred factories. It runs the electric cars of Buffalo. It cooks the meals of Buffalo on electric ranges, heats the milk for the Buffalo babies, does the washing and runs the sewing machines in ten thousand homes, and at night, when other toilers are in bed, it must supply the lights for half a hundred towns, while an operator in overalls turns a searchlight on it and exhibits it to tourists at 25 cents apiece.

All this in New York State, which spends \$100,000 a year protecting the horse from overwork.

Geologists say that Niagara Falls will last about 1,543,000 years longer, but even geologists can't tell what legislatures will do. Almost half the water of Niagara is now being sneaked around through the power houses, and if it hadn't been for the pen of the newspaper man, which is mightier than the pull of the power hog, all the water would have been stolen by this time. Even now it is only a question of time until the name "Niagara Falls" must be changed to "Niagara Trickles," and when the great cataract will only be run on Sundays and holidays.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

THE Mississippi River was named by some Indian who had no other use for his "i's" or "s's" and means "Father of Waters." A more proper name would be the "Rockefeller of Waters," for the Mississippi is one of the greatest moisture trusts in the world. Beginning in Minnesota as a stream so small that it cannot even get an appropriation from Congress for its improvement, it rapidly absorbs river after river until by the time it reaches the Gulf of Mexico it controls practically all the wetness between the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachians. That is one difference between a river and a trust, however. Mountains can stop a river, but only Providence can stop a trust.

The Mississippi is a mile wide after it gets its growth, and is deep enough between sandbars to float five-foot catfish above Cairo, and small sized battleships below. It only covers about 1200 miles as the aeroplane flies, but by taking a course like a taxicab driver who is carrying a total stranger, it manages to register over 3,000 miles between Minnesota and the Gulf. It was discovered by De Soto, immortalized by Mark Twain, and improved by Eads, who did several million of dollars worth of dental work in its mouth.

The Mississippi flows through, and sometimes over, a wonderfully fertile country, and is as inconvenient to have around as a prairie fire, owing to its restlessness. It is more particular about its bed than a com-

mercial traveler, and frequently changes it at night for the most frivolous reasons. It is also harder on banks than a cashier with a weakness for society. No bank is safe while it is around. With only a moderate appetite the Mississippi will eat ten miles of banks adorned with cornfields and cotton plantations in a single day. Each year it devours thousands of acres of fine farm land and carries it down to the Gulf of Mexico, where it adds to the area of Louisiana at the rate of one square mile a year. If the Mississippi doesn't get tired of Louisiana and move away, that State will soon be larger than Texas, and will extend clear to South America. Many an Illinois farmer has a valid claim to a farm in the Delta district of Louisiana, but cannot identify his property.

In the spring the Mississippi rises rapidly to the second story of most of the towns along its banks, and conducts a spring house-cleaning, carrying off everything movable. During the spring of 1913 the river broke its height record and ruined over 200,000 southern citizens, who now regard it with less favor than they do the Republican Party.

The Mississippi is navigated by snags, houseboats, motor boats, and occasional steamboats. If it were harnessed it would give power enough to light the United States, and if it were controlled it would carry the traffic of the great Middle West. But Congress prefers to discuss tariff schedules, which do not weary the brain so much.

THE GRAND CANYON

THE Grand Canyon of the Colorado is a small scratch on the earth's surface made by Providence to show man what an insignificant insect he is. It is 100 miles long, 13 miles wide and 6,000 feet deep. Viewed from Mars, it looks like a wrinkle on the face of Nature. Viewed from its brink, it is so awe-inspiring that even Commercial Travelers look at it in silence, and famous writers claw hopelessly for adequate adjectives.

The Grand Canyon was made by the Colorado River about the time the mother-in-law joke was invented. The Colorado is not a large stream, but it has always been very busy. It has eaten its way through a mile of sandstone and a thousand feet of granite and has produced a chasm filled with weird temples of red, yellow, white and black rock, 5,000 feet high. It is estimated that it has taken to accomplish this enough horse power to light a boulevard between here and the moon. One can always tell a power magnate by the way he weeps when he sees the canyon.

The Colorado Canyon runs through a vast desert and begins without warning. At any point for a hundred miles, it would be possible for the casual wanderer to step off of the United States and to starve to death before he got through falling. This shows the wisdom of Nature. Had she placed the Canyon near New York, 100,000 people a year would fall into it, while in its present position it does not need to be fenced at

all. However, owing to its isolated position, the Canyon does not draw nearly as much tourist patronage as Niagara Falls, Mt. Vesuvius, Uncle Joe Cannon and other natural phenomena. More people see Coney Island in a night than see Colorado Canyon in a year. This is partly what is the matter with New York.

The Canyon is located in Arizona, 65 miles away from the nearest drug store, and is already in the hands of a trust, there being only one railroad to it. It is so vast that thunder storms not only rage in it while the spectator watches them from above, but they sometimes wander off and get lost in the side canyons. Its grandeur is heightened by the fact that not a single sign adorns its walls. In spite of the unparalleled opportunity to announce the virtues of soaps and soups in letters half a mile high, no sign painter with nerve enough to tackle the job has been found. There is only one trail to the water below — the Bright Angel Trail, named for the people who have fallen off; and by mounting a burro the tourist can find himself in two hours in a scene of utter desolation which has never been penetrated by the automobile, the book agent, the pianola, the harem skirt, the tariff question or the senatorial scandal. Many tourists have taken this spot for Paradise and have had to be removed by force.

The Grand Canyon is the greatest natural curiosity in existence, and it is a comfort to reflect that no matter what man may do to it, or how long he may keep on doing it, the results will only be visible through a strong glass. It is one thing in the world that is too big to be abused.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE

THE Great Salt Lake is the American edition of the Dead Sea. Like everything American, it is an enlargement and improvement upon the original, having several times its area and being far better equipped for the tourist trade.

The Great Salt Lake is 80 miles long and 20 to 30 miles wide. It is also deep enough to drown the tallest man. However, the only way in which even a short man could drown in this lake, would be to tie a rope to the bottom and climb down. This is because of specific gravity which the lake contains to excess. So strongly is the water impregnated with specific gravity, that human beings float in it without effort, their heads and toes above the surface. Floating in the Great Salt Lake is as easy as floating in New York society with only a title for support. However, the floater must be careful not to swallow any of the water in an unguarded moment. It is seven times more disagreeable than the most popular and beneficial mineral water, and even if it were to be distributed free, on election day in a Bowery precinct, no one would willingly drink it.

This is because of its salt. We now approach the secret of this lake's name. It is from five to seven times as salt as the ocean, depending upon the industry of the sun in evaporating it from year to year. Fish cannot live in it — not even codfish — and vegetation for miles about it is extremely passé and dejected.

Very little use has been found for the lake thus far, though thousands of gallons of it are sold in small bottles to tourists during the season. Even a bath in it is a delusion and a snare, as the bather has to wash off with a hose afterward. However, the lake does stand between Utah and the salt trust in a noble and efficient manner, and it furnishes Salt Lake City with one of the most novel summer resorts in captivity.

The Great Salt Lake is remarkable for its fluctuations in size, surpassing in this respect the Republican vote. For many years it gained steadily in area until Salt Lake City became nervous during every rain-storm. Then it shrank until the bathing pavilion was far out in the desert. Now it is growing again. It is better equipped with railroad facilities than any other body of water, the Southern Pacific Railroad having built a bridge and causeway straight across it. After having viewed the marvelous energy of man at Niagara Falls and elsewhere, we can only feel thankful that the Southern Pacific did not move the lake away entirely instead of bridging it, thus wiping out a great national wonder.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

THE Yellowstone National Park is a public pleasure ground, maintained by the United States government for the enjoyment of the people and the brown bears of the nation.

The park is typically American because of its size. It is the largest park open to the public anywhere. Many nations could not have a park of this size unless they borrowed some territory from their neighbors. It has about 3,500 square miles, and is not fenced in. This is carelessness, of course, and leads to some trouble, but the government has never had time to dig the post holes.

The Yellowstone Park is situated in the northwest corner of Wyoming, about \$125 from the center of population, including Pullman fare. One might think from its inaccessibility that it was a postoffice, but in this case the government had some excuse. The park is where it is because it was impossible to move the scenery of which it is composed to some more centrally located spot.

Scenery and natural curiosities are the strong points of the Yellowstone Park. It contains several mountain ranges, a plateau, a large number of canyons, a large lake, a 300-foot waterfall and a magnificent collection of geysers. In fact the park has a monopoly of geysers in this country, and geyser lovers who do not like the price of admission are at liberty to jump off the dock.

The Yellowstone Park is 11,000 feet high in some spots and in others reaches so far down that the water in the springs is red hot and smells of sulphur. Watching the geyser throw water at the dog star, boiling eggs in the mud pots and escaping from the tame bear, catamounts, mountain lions and rattlesnakes are the favorite occupations of the tourists. Guns are not allowed in the park, and the bears and buffalo are so tame that they will frequently walk up to a shivering stranger and attempt to borrow a chew from him.

The Yellowstone Park has the grandest and weirdest scenery on this continent, and if it were near New York the government could make millions by charging admission. It also contains another great American curiosity — good roads. Automobilists who have traveled mostly in Illinois and Missouri frequently go to the park to see these roads alone.

ARC LIGHTS IN OUR HISTORY

No other country has produced so many 100 per cent. pure patriots as America and in no other country has patriotism been so healthy a calling. The custom of pruning off a patriot below the chin which flourished for so many centuries in Europe has never prevailed on this side of the water and most of America's great men have died of their own accord and full of honors.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Father of his Country, was born in Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732. He was the son of aristocratic parents and spent his boyhood playing with the other scions of aristocracy in Westmoreland County, most of whom became presidents of the United States later on. He was a great athlete, though nowadays he would be disqualified in a minute by the Amateur Athletic Association for handling money, as he once threw a dollar across the Potomac River. He was also an honest lad, and when he chopped down a cherry tree and was asked about it by his angry father he replied, "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet." The father was so relieved to find that the boy had not used his expensive imported razor that he embraced him and they lived happily ever after.

Washington became a surveyor and also helped the British army fight the French and Indians. He then married and settled down on his estate to spend a happy life. But he had no children, and in order to fill the vacant space in his heart he decided to adopt his country. This necessitated a great deal of fighting on his part, and from 1775 to 1781 he was almost continually occupied in eradicating redcoats. He was often defeated, and was chased an aggregate of several thousand miles. His soldiers had little to eat and less to wear, and usually ran out of powder about the second round of each battle. If Washington had had the pow-

der that is burned each Fourth of July nowadays in celebrating his victories he would have been a happy man and would have become a national parent much earlier in life.

There was great opposition to Washington and all over the colonies men eagerly wore out dry goods boxes and store counters showing just how he could get much better results. He was cursed and maligned by large numbers of rich Tories, who wanted to let well enough alone. A price was set on his head by the British, and he often had to postpone dinner from day to day. But in the end he captured Cornwallis at Yorktown and everyone hastened to admit that he was a great man.

In 1788 Washington was elected first President of the United States and served eight happy years undisturbed by tariff squabbles, conservation agitation or invitations to dinner on the Pacific Coast. At the end of his second term he declined reelection and returned to his home at Mt. Vernon, where he died in 1799 from a consultation of physicians, complicated by a slight cold. He left a widow and an infant country, which was compelled to grow up without parental discipline and has felt the effects ever since.

Washington could have been King of his people and he could have had great honor from Great Britain by refusing to insurgé. But he chose to be president of a busted and struggling nation at a small salary and because he seems to have had the habit of thinking of his own interests last, the American people have built him a monument 555 feet high and have named mountains, rivers, states, counties, towns, boulevards and babies after him for over a century.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN, America's tallest, homeliest and greatest statesman, was born in Kentucky more than 100 years ago. He was an Illinois man, but owing to the remarkably poor facilities for getting born in Illinois in 1809, he was compelled to choose Kentucky for a native State. Later on he lingered in Indiana long enough to acquire his first pair of pants and came to Illinois a few years afterward, when navigation had opened on the prairie roads.

Lincoln resolved to become great when a mere boy, and as his parents were very poor, he had nothing to draw his attention from his task. He was not pestered by society, did not have to perfect himself in baseball, pool, cigarette rolling, and taste in neckties, and was in general free from the burdens of the unfortunate sons of the rich. By a singular good fortune, the only books he was able to borrow were useful ones. Consequently, he arrived at manhood with an uncluttered brain and was able to become a leader of the Illinois Legislature at an age when the educated youth of to-day is still painfully paying off his college clothing bills in installments.

Lincoln was six feet four inches tall, very lanky, and was so homely that he finally grew a beard as a rebuke to his face. He early attracted attention by his honesty, and as soon as the people found that this was a habit, and not a policy, they repeatedly elected him to any office which happened to be handy. He was a

great philosopher, and understood the political questions of the day so thoroughly that he was able to illustrate them by funny stories which would make him more money on the vaudeville stage to-day, than he ever made out of politics. In his youth, he was a champion rail-splitter, and this skill afterwards enabled him to split the Democratic Party with such success that he became President in 1861.

Lincoln had always been opposed to slavery, and made a practice of alluding to this fact even in sections where abolitionism was more unhealthy than malaria. When he was elected, the South seceded, and for four years Lincoln piloted his country through the greatest civil war of history. There were cannons in front of him, "copperheads" behind him, and advisers on all sides of him, but he bore up against all these perils with such firmness, and bravery, and kindness, and patriotism, and tact, and common sense, and humor, that the world took off its hat to him and has never put it back. When he was assassinated in 1865, he was so well beloved that men called him beautiful when they looked at him.

Some men require fifteen years of schooling to become wise. Lincoln's wisdom was home made, and the pattern has never been duplicated. He showed the world how to become an orator in 200 words, which is still 9900 below the average record; moreover, he proved that it is as easy to be wise in short stories and jokes, as it is in fourteen-syllabled words. Like a great mountain peak, he looms higher as he recedes from us, and to-day all parties claim to have sprung from his ideas.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was an ordinary man with an extraordinary supply of common sense, who flourished in the eighteenth century and is still regarded as one of the finest of American products.

Franklin was born in Boston, but was one of the few Boston wise men to succeed in getting away from that city. His family was not distinguished, and when he left Boston, after having run a newspaper with more brilliance than success, no committee of city officials appeared to bid him good-by.

Franklin arrived in Philadelphia with enough money left to buy two rolls of bread, and paraded the town wearing one loaf under his arm and eating the other. This successfully quarantined him from Philadelphia society, and he was enabled to put all his time into the printing business with such success that he was sent to London in 1724 by the governor to get a printing outfit. He worked for eighteen months in a London printing house and was probably the most eminent employé that London journalism ever had, though England has not yet waked up to this fact.

Franklin then returned to Philadelphia and purchased the *Gazette*, which he began to edit with such success that he frequently had to spend all day making change for eager subscribers. It might be well to mention here that at this time he was only twenty-three years old, having been born Jan. 17, 1706, and having

been a full-fledged editor at the age of fifteen. Genius often consists in getting an early start and keeping started.

At the age of twenty-six Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac," the sayings of a wise old man, had the largest circulation of anything printed in the Colonies, and people sought his advice on everything from love to chicken raising. At the age of thirty-one he was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. At forty he had diagnosed lightning, and had exhibited the first electricity ever in captivity in a bottle, having caught it with a kite string and a key. He had also charted the course of North American storms, and explained the Gulf Stream.

Franklin helped the Colonies to declare their independence and secured the treaty of alliance with France. At seventy-nine he was elected governor of Pennsylvania. At eighty-two he helped write the Constitution of the United States. He also devised the American postal system. He died at the age of eighty-four, and Philadelphia is prouder of his tombstone than she is of the Liberty Bell.

Through all his long and busy life Franklin never had time to dress up and adopt the social usages of his day. But this did not prevent him from dazzling the exquisite court of France at its most brilliant and useless period. He was one of the few men who gave to the earth more wisdom than he absorbed from it, but he never was a bonanza for the tailors. Had he spent his youth keeping four tailors and three haberdashers in affluence, Franklin relics would probably not command the high price which they now do.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the third President of the United States, and the most famous red-headed man since Julius Cæsar's time, was born on April 13, 1743, in a state of affluence, and also in Virginia, both of which states were regarded at that time by future presidents as the most favorable in which to be born. Jefferson's father was a planter, which is a *de luxe* edition of a farmer, and the young Thomas grew up with all the luxuries of the time, including books, white satin pants and a college education. He was a talented writer and had he lived to-day would have successfully concealed himself from posterity by publishing valuable articles in the high brow magazines.

As it was, however, he was compelled to go into the law. When the Colonies met in convention in Philadelphia in 1776, Jefferson, then a young man, wrote the Declaration of Independence, which speedily became a best seller and has promoted the sale of gunpowder on the Fourth of July ever since. Some people assert that this act was fatal to Jefferson, because the Declaration was signed on the Fourth of July, and its author expired on the same date. However, there was a margin of fifty years between cause and effect, and Jefferson's sad fate at the age of eighty-three should not deter other young patriots with declarations to write.

After the Colonies revolted, Jefferson began hold-

ing office and continued to do so with great tenacity and continuity, finally becoming vice-president in John Adams' administration. Jefferson was deeply opposed to Adams and Massachusetts and ostentation and other things, and became an insurgent on 1675 counts. He defeated Adams in 1800, and became President, ruling the country with great firmness and diplomacy for eight years. On his inauguration day, he rode his horse into Washington, tied him to a post and took the oath of office without frills or fuss. This was hailed as a magnificent example of simplicity, but in reality it was a magnificent example of prudence. Washington had just been laid out and was guiltless of sidewalks or pavement. The spring rain had set in and if Jefferson had tried to reach the Capitol in a coach, he would have been inaugurated about 1814.

Jefferson interpreted the constitution with great strictness, except when it became necessary to use common sense, when he substituted the latter with great success, annexing Louisiana in a manner that deeply shocked the conservatives of his time. He introduced rotation in office and continued to be a firm friend of the people throughout his administration. In 1808 he introduced the custom of bequeathing the presidency to a personal friend, and elected James Madison. He then retired to his home at Monticello and spent his latter years founding the University of Virginia and entertaining visitors, which he did so lavishly and persistently that he died a ruined man in everything but fame, honor and affection. He was the only president who did not belong to a church, but he conducted a guerilla warfare for uprightness with great success and left an untarnished name.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

ULYSSES S. GRANT was the world's greatest illustration of what lack of perseverance can accomplish and also what can be done by sticking everlastingly to it.

Grant was born in Ohio, April 27, 1822, and because his father knew a Congressman he went to West Point and became a soldier, standing at the foot of his class in mathematics, French, tatting and bed-making, but riding a horse in a manner which produced the profoundest respect in said horse. On his graduation he fought in the Mexican War and then gave up the army and went into business.

Grant became a tanner and might have become a great and rich man in about 300 years by this method. But he did not stick to it, and when the Civil War opened he entered the army again, and owing to his quiet but inimitable system of reducing the enemy to a few scattered remains, he became Lieutenant-General, the highest honor ever conferred on an American soldier, and started for Richmond. If he had been as casual as he had been in business he would never have gotten there, but although for weeks at a time the air was so full of Confederate cannon balls that breathing was extremely difficult, he pushed steadily on and took Richmond after a dozen generals had given up the job.

The war was now ended, and as soon as possible the grateful people elected Grant President. He served two terms with much dignity and nobility of character,

and then made a trip around the world, thus enabling other nations to take a hasty look at the greatest soldier since Napoleon. He then retired to New York, where in his old age a publishing house failed and ruined him and he was attacked by cancer of the throat.

Grant now began a battle which made the engagements in the Wilderness seem trivial and comfortable. Fighting off death as sternly as he had ever fought off Lee, he kept him waiting outside until he had completed his memoirs in two large volumes and had thus insured his family against want. The nation watched the battle with throbbing suspense, and when he won the fight and leaned back to die in peace, it was felt that no victory of the great war had done him so much honor.

There will be very few Grants in history because Nature had to use up a whole year's supply of iron in fashioning his will when she made him.

HENRY CLAY

OF all Americans who flourished in the first half of the last century, there was none more ponderous than Henry Clay. For twenty-five years he was the biggest man in his country and six times during that period he stood around, hat in hand, and watched some smaller-sized American being inaugurated president.

Clay was born in Virginia, April 12, 1777. His father died when he was five and soon afterwards he began supporting his family in true presidential timber style. At fifteen he was a clerk at Richmond. At twenty-one he was a lawyer in Lexington, Ky., and marching on towards fame with giant leaps.

Clay entered politics as soon as he had bought his office desk. He immediately became known as a fine orator. He acquired the art by practicing in the cornfields instead of upon after-dinner prisoners, and thus won the love of all. At twenty-three he was a legislator, and at twenty-nine he was senator from Kentucky. Everyone predicted that he would be President as soon as he was old enough and there was some criticism of the Constitution, because it compelled him to hang around until the age of thirty-five before assuming the office.

Clay led a busy life in his thirties, fighting duels, helping draw up the treaty of Ghent and serving as Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1824 he was a candidate for president, and when the election

got into the House of Representatives, he helped elect John Quincy Adams, thus winning the undying hate of Andrew Jackson, who was the most fluent and successful hater of those times. This made Clay's life a burden to him, knocked him out of the presidency with great frequency, compelled him to load up his dueling pistols time and again, and kept him busy explaining the rest of his life.

From 1824 to 1850 Clay was so big a man that he had to settle every national quarrel. Those were impatient and warlike days, and a dozen times the country showed signs of parting in the middle during some deadlock in Congress. On each occasion Clay was called on to arrange a compromise, and he always succeeded, not only in patching up peace, but in winning a lot of permanent enemies. Now and then he would run for President, at which times these enemies would band together and hold parades which were hours in passing a given point. He died in 1852, a disappointed man, after having postponed the Civil War for thirty years.

Clay's fate would probably have been different if he had not compromised so much. He was always ready to load up a horse pistol and fight a political opponent, but he could not bear to see his country quarrel, and he got what peacemakers usually get.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, one of the largest sized young men in history, was born in the West Indies, January 11, 1757.

For twelve years Hamilton lived like other boys and suffered the indignity of being patronized and ordered around by grown-ups. Then his father failed in business and he went into a store to earn his living. In a year or two he was managing the store.

Hamilton made a great success in business and in his spare moments he wrote up a cyclone for the local paper so brilliantly that his neighbors clubbed together and sent him to New York to college. On just such little points history balances. If they had sent him to England the United States might have been sold off for junk over 100 years ago.

Hamilton entered King's College, now Columbia University, at seventeen and a few months later was making speeches urging the colonists to rise and swat the tyrants. At eighteen he had a wide reputation as a writer of political pamphlets. At nineteen he was a captain of artillery in the Revolution. At twenty-four, a veteran of the late war, he began to manage the new fledged republic.

Hamilton served in the Continental Congress the next year and soon after called a general constitutional convention to save the country. When the Constitution was adopted he wrote essays on it for the *Federalist* and people used to go three blocks to meet the

postman on the day the paper came out. He became Secretary of the Treasury which at this time had a few counterfeit dollars and some old porous plasters in it and in a few years he filled that treasury so full that it has never been empty since. Before he was thirty-five he declined to become Chief Justice and retired to a well-earned rest.

Hamilton never became president but enjoyed himself making presidents and then standing in the wings and prompting them. He helped Washington through two terms and then suggested that Adams be elected. Adams then proceeded to Taftize all of Hamilton's friends in the government, and during the next election, without Hamilton's help, he ran like a stone dog set in concrete. Jefferson and Burr tied for the Presidency and Hamilton persuaded Congress to elect Jefferson.

Burr never forgave this and after Hamilton had helped defeat him for the governorship of New York, Burr challenged him to a duel. It was fought at Weehawken and Burr got his revenge.

Hamilton was forty-seven years old when he died. He had fought in one war, staved off two others, organized a republic, financed it and had elected three presidents. Still there are people who believe that young men should be seen and not heard.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

ON July 11, 1767, John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States, was born in Massachusetts. His name is not a household word and his face does not appear on any postage stamp. Yet no American ever stirred up more ill-feeling during his life or was busier doing it or had a larger public career or more patriotism to the square inch or contributed more ancestors and descendants to "Who's Who In America."

Adams was an infant prodigy. The Adams' had been great people for several generations, and when John Quincy was born, his father, John, was helping to form the United States of America, and was already thinking out a few hasty remarks to make when he became president. John Quincy Adams was a learned man at ten, and was secretary to an embassy to Russia at fifteen. He was a small, pale lad with a head like a planet and he kept on stuffing it with Latin and political economy and history until when he graduated from Harvard people used to verify their encyclopedias by him.

John Quincy was a born insurgent and attacked everything violently and ably. He went into politics early and became an ambassador, a special commissioner and a senator, insurging himself out of office each time with great cheerfulness. Later he taught rhetoric in Harvard and did odd jobs such as writing treaties and doing cabinet work under Monroe. He was uni-

versally admired for his learning and the way in which his vast polished dome of reason got pink and flushed while he fed nine-syllabled eloquence to his opponents, and in 1824 he was elected president by one vote. His old father, who had been president a quarter of a century before, had hung around until he was past ninety for the sake of conducting his son to the White House, and he died happy the next year.

John Quincy Adams served four years with great conscientiousness and no tact, standing firmly for everything nobody else wanted, and making enemies with almost inconceivable ardor. He was defeated for reëlection by an enormous majority, but did not mind it, having long been accustomed to defeat. He didn't sit around waiting for the people to decide what to do with their ex-president, but at once plunged into a new political career, going to Congress on an Abolition platform. He served seventeen years and dropped dead in 1848 in the middle of his 1187th speech against the slave traffic.

John Quincy Adams is famous chiefly as a man who was willing at any time to be clubbed over the head because of his principles. He is also growing in fame constantly as an ancestor. His sons and grandsons became famous, and the Adams' are still asked to sit on the stage at all public gatherings in Massachusetts.

ANDREW JACKSON

ON March 15, 1767, astronomers noticed most of the planets in violent opposition and insurrection, and shortly afterward Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, was born in a log cabin in North Carolina.

Jackson immediately began to fight his way to the front, having no father and no bank account to help him. He was a man who viewed with indignation practically everything that he saw in his long and sizzling life. He fought men, parties, Indians, States and foreign powers with the utmost impartiality and enthusiasm, and had the dove of peace on toast for breakfast every morning. When a mere boy he refused to black a British officer's boots, and had his head laid open by the officer's sword. Later in life he caught another British general at New Orleans, and licked him out of his boots by way of repartee. He caused more Indian obituaries than anyone in his time, and he counted that day lost in which he did not go out and fight a duel with someone who had aspersed his honor, or his party, or his opinions, or his wife, or his best friend, or his cousin's niece's nephew.

Jackson had no education to speak of, but was full of high tension, and million volt opinions. He became the leading Democratic statesman of Tennessee, largely because of his strong constitution. He insurged against every president from Washington to Monroe, and after he had retired of old age, ran against John Quincy

Adams, being beaten by one vote. He immediately began the next campaign and four years later, having annihilated Adams, took the reins of state and began driving the band wagon over the office holders of the Whig Party.

Jackson served eight years, and was as comfortable an executive as a buzz saw. He ejected office holders who didn't assay ninety-nine per cent. Democrat, fired cabinet officials whose wives didn't fulfill their social duties, being the only man on record to handle the official wife problem successfully, spanked South Carolina, threatened France, bluffed England and kept the ship of state rocking on a strong gale. He had a strong antipathy to the National Bank, and when he had finished with it, its friends did not recognize the remains. He was shot at by an assassin, but immediately retorted with his cane so vigorously that the man's life was saved only by the intercession of friends. In 1836 he elected Martin Van Buren president, and retired to the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., where he gradually cooled off and became extinct in 1845.

Jackson is revered as an earnest, sincere man who backed up his beliefs with anything handy, and was as honest as his own powder. According to our postage stamps, he was thin and stern of face with tall, fierce hair and a horse collar coat. He rose from obscurity by his own efforts, and no efforts of his traducers in the past century have sufficed to push him back.

LEADING CITIZENS

The United States is full of leading citizens. Some of them are leading us onward and upward; some of them are leading us backward and downward; and some of them are leading us the way a stone hitching post leads a span of tethered mules.

WOODROW WILSON

WOODROW WILSON, Democrat, is one of America's most fortunately unlucky men. Four times during his life he has had a fine career blasted and prematurely closed and has had to step into something better.

When Wilson was a young man, he studied law, and opened an office in Atlanta, where, had he remained, he might have risen to eminence and acquired a big business manufacturing loopholes for corporations. But he knew so much about history that he was compelled to give up the law and go back to Princeton University where he remained for several years teaching and writing. He was beginning to get a reputation as a historian, to say nothing of a check every few months from some publishing house, when another great misfortune struck him down. He had to give up history and become a college president.

Undiscouraged by this, Wilson pulled himself together and ran Princeton College for many years. He was beginning to be revered for his prospective gray hairs by the college body, when in 1910 he received another jolt. He was compelled to resign as president of Princeton and become Governor of New Jersey; and once more with his new work just begun has had to lay it down and become president of the United States.

Woodrow Wilson was born in Virginia fifty-eight years ago and has been the eighth native born Virginian to load his furniture on the Alexandria ferry

and slip across into the White House. He is a studious man with a large hand-carved face, George Ade lips, and scholastic, reënforced eyes. He is a lieutenant-general of words, and when he is discussing the theories of government, has to be translated to Democratic precinct leaders by some personal friend of the dictionary.

Wilson left the law because he knew so much of history — he left history because he knew so much about teaching; he left his college because he knew so much politics, and he left the state house because he knew so much about politicians. He is a Princeton graduate, a golfer and a father-in-law of brief standing. He has few friends in Washington but this is encouraging. The president who begins with many Washington friends generally loses them by doing his duty. While the president who retires with more friends than he had when he began is missed by them exclusively.

ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a portable volcano who has been roaming through history over the frames of the suffering opposition for the last thirty-one years. He is best known as an ex-president of the United States, but is also celebrated as an author, an editor, a hunter and a father, while Fate in making him a statesman spoiled a mighty good pugilist, lumberman, broncho buster, preacher, policeman, college president, ward politician and professor of physical culture.

Roosevelt was born in 1858 but had no marked influence on the Civil War. He hurried through his youth and Harvard University, arriving in the New York legislature at the age of twenty-three and beginning a civil service reform a few minutes later. Since then he has battled against one thing or another continually, his opponents, including Tammany, Democracy, the spoils system, Spaniards, the Bishop of London, panthers, bears, catamounts, lions, tigers, Egyptian anarchists, race suicide, Tom Platt, and Lorimer. He is now busily engaged in planting a new crop of enemies to keep him happy and militant until death doth him part.

Roosevelt is a stout, thick, wide, deep, explosive man with a square head, belligerent hair, dejected downtrodden mustache, large teeth which glisten like tombstones while he is dismembering the opposition in seven-sylla-

bled words and a full-armored fighting under jaw which holds the marksmanship record in American politics.

Roosevelt is now fifty-six years old and has found time, besides presidenting seven years, to raise a family of six children and one grandchild, to reform New York, to write a medium sized library, to learn to fry bear steaks, to lose his fortune in the cattle business, to acquire a backhand return in tennis, to go to war, to do heavy siege gun duty as editor, to clean up the New York police, to preach to several nations and to be interviewed 1,879,543 times. Five years ago he retired from active life at the age of fifty-one and went home to Oyster Bay. By exploring Africa, organizing a new political party, editing a magazine and touring South America he has been able to amuse himself and survive this period successfully. But he is said to be tiring of inactivity. Those wishing volcanoes capped or oceans pushed back off of their property would do well to give him a trial.

THOMAS A. EDISON

THOMAS A. EDISON is one of America's greatest men. He was not elected to this position nor did he obtain it by guessing which way some prominent railway stock might jump. Other American giants may fail to receive a majority and shrink into common tax payers; they may absorb one railway too many and retire to obloquy a few jumps ahead of the grand jury. But Edison goes placidly on increasing his size each year; and he will continue to do so as long as electricity enjoys the popularity which it does at the present time.

Edison started life selling peanuts on the Grand Trunk Railway at the age of twelve in 1859, from which, with the aid of mathematics in its present highly perfected state, we may easily deduce the fact that he is now sixty-seven years of age. He published a newspaper at the age of fifteen and learned telegraphy a year later, but caused much profanity because of his fondness for reading while some operator at the other end of the line was frantically pounding away in an effort to attract his attention. In fact, at this period Edison was so unsuccessful that he had to take up inventing. The field was remarkably broad at that time, very few things worth while having been invented, and Edison was soon busy day and night. He invented the telegraph repeater and the stock ticker, and sold them for a small fortune.

This was the most perilous point in Edison's career.

But he passed safely through it. He did not buy an automobile, go to Europe or establish his family in society. He did not buy a carload of assorted mining stock or go to New York and try to put a permanent crimp in Wall Street. Instead, he took his \$40,000 and went to New Jersey, which at that time was infested with nothing worse than mosquitoes. There he built a laboratory and began to work up an intimate acquaintance with electricity, which was then almost a stranger in our midst.

Edison has remained in New Jersey ever since. He has made three hundred inventions, including the phonograph, the telephone transmitter, the aerophone, the megaphone, the incandescent lamp, the moving picture and the long distance storage battery. He has become very rich indeed, but this is not often mentioned. He is more interesting than his bank account.

Edison was never elected to any office. Nobody knows what clubs he belongs to. He does not play golf, and few people have seen him in evening clothes. He is a genius, and the proof of it is that he works for twenty hours a day for long stretches.

In 1876, says his biographer, Edison's health failed. This is important information, and thousands of Americans would give much to acquire the same brand of rickety health. A busted constitution which will keep its owner happy and busy twenty hours a day for forty years is a boon greatly to be desired.

JANE ADDAMS

AMERICA has contained a great many famous women, of whom probably, the Goddess of Liberty and Jane Addams, of Chicago, are the most popular at present.

Many an American girl has begun her career with only a plain gown and a Sunday dress and had landed in the White House later on. Thus far, this has been due to their extraordinary sagacity in picking husbands. The first duty of the American woman, who desires to spend four years in the White House bossing the cook, is to marry a man who is a good, fluent vote-getter. Miss Addams has ignored this duty for many years; yet she is nearer the White House than many a woman who has gone valiantly forth and married the raw material of a cabinet minister. For, if woman continues to march briskly through custom and precedent as she has been doing of late, some American woman may yet be elected president — and in this case those patriots who desire to represent this nation in foreign diplomatic fields had better become original Addams men.

Miss Addams is not the best known American woman, but she could probably get twice as many votes for president as any other. She is a quiet, demure lady who runs a citizen repair shop in Chicago. Many years ago she went over back of the Chicago River, where the ten commandments were unknown and the statutes of Illinois were only suspected. She has lived

there ever since, setting a sort of pattern of successful and sanitary citizenship. The neighborhood has followed the pattern and now sends out teachers to wrestle with the plutocratic sections of darkest Chicago in an effort to bring them up to its standard.

Miss Addams built Hull House, where human beings are renovated at a very small expense. In those days, locomotives, ships and corn planters were designed with great skill, but the citizen was fashioned by father Time without any hindrance from anyone. Since then, however, it has become the custom to supervise the designing of citizens with some care, and as Miss Addams was a pioneer in the business, she spends much of her time lecturing, and Hull House is one of Chicago's most popular hotels.

Miss Addams is not as loud as some of our leading prima donnas by several whoops, but some of her quietest remarks have gone around the world several times. She is one of the most successful Americans — but is not rated in Bradstreets.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, owner of an undivided half of the Democratic Party of this nation, was born in Illinois in 1860, and began the discussion of politics a few months later. At the age of nineteen, he was winning oratorical contests for Illinois College. At the age of twenty-seven, he was addressing a few seething remarks to the Republican Party in Nebraska, from which it has never entirely recovered. At the age of thirty-one, he began trying out new and deadlier forms of oratory upon Congress; and at the age of thirty-six, he rose in the Democratic National Convention and swept the party into his pocket with a few deft words.

Mr. Bryan then began to run for president, a habit of which he has only recently and with the greatest difficulty broken himself. He was almost the first presidential candidate to run for the office by train instead of by rocking chair. When Mr. Bryan runs for president he climbs onto the back platform of a train and for months afterwards section hands along his line of march pick large reverberating words out of the surrounding scenery. Mr. Bryan holds the long distance record for oratory, having often spoken for 1,000 miles at a stretch, with only short pauses between stations.

Mr. Bryan is now fifty-four years old. He is a short, heavy-set man with a wide gauge face and a forehead which extends well down the other side of his dome of reason. He wears his remaining hair long and dark

and is not addicted to whiskers. He is a plainly dressed man with plain, unvarnished ways and half the people of the West have talked with him at one time or another on the local trains on which he has spent so much of his life.

Mr. Bryan has been a lawyer, soldier, author and traveler, as well as a candidate. At present, he is an editor, farmer, Chautauqua lecturer and cabinet officer. He is also one of the few orators remaining in captivity and in all history few men have known more of the art of producing a shimmering sentence of silver eloquence and coiling it around the unwary listener until he is a shouting captive. He is the greatest lecturer in the cabinet and he is also the greatest secretary of state on the lecture platform to-day.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, one of the most frequently mentioned citizens of the United States, lives in a county near New York City, which he has made over into a very handsome front yard. He also has a residence in Cleveland, Ohio, where he lived many years, and is acquainted with several people.

Mr. Rockefeller is famous in more ways than any other American, with the possible exception of that sterling athlete, hunter, author, explorer, woodchopper, warrior, preacher, historian, father and statesman, Col. Roosevelt. Mr. Rockefeller is one of the most noted golfers in the country. He has never won a cup, but he is the only golfer who rides after his ball on a bicycle.

Mr. Rockefeller is also the nation's most famous Sunday school teacher. He has a large class in New York City and it was on account of his talks to young men on how to succeed that he was elected to honorary membership in the American Press Humorists' Association some years ago.

Mr. Rockefeller is also noted for his extravagance. Money slips through his hands like water. No sooner does he save a cent a gallon on the price of transporting oil than he lets go of a million dollars to some college or other. He blew in \$25,000,000 on Chicago University in ten years, thus putting the record of the most extravagant senior to shame. With him it is a case of saving at the spigot and wasting on the General Education Board. He has spent \$120,000,000 in the last

twenty years. If it were not for a little Standard Oil stock — say about \$500,000,000 worth — he would be a poor man to-day.

Mr. Rockefeller also has the most famous head of hair in the country. When he bought it reporters wrote columns about it.

Mr. Rockefeller, moreover, is famous for his exclusiveness. He does not go to tango teas or Europe, and has never been elected to office. He is personally known to very few citizens. He is so retiring that when the government wished to serve a witness subpœna on him, some years ago, it took a hundred deputy sheriffs several weeks to find him.

Mr. Rockefeller is the most famous ex-dyspeptic in the country. Twenty years ago he could not swallow anything except dry toast and competing companies. Of late years, however, he has cut out both of these articles of diet and eats everything else with impunity.

Mr. Rockefeller was born in New York State in 1839 and is a self-made man. He used to sell oil for a living, but retired some years ago, long after his competitors had started life over again.

CORNELIUS J. MCGILLICUDDY

CORNELIUS J. MCGILLICUDDY is not known abroad, and will probably never have his rightful place in the American hall of fame. Historians ignore him; statesmen do not take him seriously, and students of political economy try to look him up in the encyclopædia with no success at all. Yet Mr. McGillicuddy stands to-day one of the most eminent of Americans; a citizen admired by millions and a man whose opinion on certain subjects will be printed under flaring headlines all over the country at a time when the President of the United States would have to declare war with Mexico in order to edge into the popular interest.

Mr. McGillicuddy's birthplace, age and early career are unimportant. His name is even more so. He was named by an Irish father, who had plenty of time and who used to call his son in from play by chapters. Cornelius wore his full name, summer and winter for many years, but found that it was continually getting tangled among his feet at critical moments. For this reason he pruned it down some years ago and became Connie Mack.

Mr. Mack, it is necessary to explain only to Eskimos, English visitors and the Egyptian mummy in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is manager of the Philadelphia baseball team. Since Mr. Chance declined and fell, he has been the greatest manager at large. Mr. McGraw has a way of winning pennants that has been

greatly admired, but Mr. Mack does not stop with pen-nants. He proceeds further and picks up world's championships with the ease and grace of a Los Angeles citizen picking oranges from his bedroom window.

Three times, in the last four years, Mr. Mack's celebrated baseball team has met after the season for the purpose of discussing the world's championship with some other aggregation. The discussions have always been brief to the point of rudeness. Mr. Mack's men have a way of injecting a home run into the conversation at an unexpected place in such a way as to unhinge the opposition and cast a gloom over the entire city of New York, lasting upwards of six months.

Mr. Mack began life as a poor boy, equipped only with prehensile fingers and a hair trigger thinkery. He nows owns two baseball teams — Eddie Collins and the rest of the Philadelphia club. Because of his success, a good many boys, who once aspired to become President, have wavered, and are studying pinch-hitting.

JUDGE LYNCH

NEXT to John Doe, Judge Lynch is the most famous disreputable character in the United States. He is a native citizen and cannot be charged up to immigration, either.

Judge Lynch holds court in many States, chiefly in the South, but wherever a few citizens can be induced to lay aside their brains and civilization for a few minutes and elect him. His court room is the open air, the prosecuting attorney a masked mob-leader and his jury a rope. The method of ascertaining the guilt or innocence of the defendant is very simple. The defendant is hanged with the rope. If he hangs down he is guilty. If he hangs up he is innocent. Thus far no defendant has been found innocent — at least, not until long after the coroner's verdict.

Judge Lynch hangs a hundred or more citizens each year. Generally he picks out detestable villains who deserve to die, but, sometimes, for amusement, he hangs horse thieves, chicken thieves and negroes who speak disrespectfully to white people. When the Judge gets tired of the rope he uses kerosene and fuel. After he has burned a poor shrieking villain, civilization in that vicinity goes down 100 degrees and remains there for a generation.

Judge Lynch doesn't know any law, and doesn't care to. He can hang a man without law. In this he has a distinct advantage over an American court, which usually can't hang a man, even with the assistance of

twenty law books weighing six pounds apiece. After Judge Lynch has looked on while a prosecuting attorney has spent five or six years trying to get a rapist or murderer into the penitentiary and has failed right along because the color of the whiskers of the man who made the paper on which the indictment was written was unconstitutional, he smiles a contemptuous smile and does the job in an hour.

If Judge Lynch had more competition he wouldn't have so much business. If men were punished for their crimes in this inordinately free country he would soon be compelled to sell out below cost and go to Mexico or Central Africa. But as long as the technicality can bob up serenely in every trial and keep justice waiting like a freight train with a dead engine on a side track, reckless people will continue to speak with scorn of the ordinary judge and patronize the old scoundrel.

COLONEL BOGIE

COLONEL BOGIE has been one of the most prominent citizens of the British Isles for the past century and of late years has been very popular in the United States.

The Colonel is very popular because so many people are anxious to meet him. However, he seems to have no particular fascination because when a man has met him his next desire is to get away from him. When a man has once met Colonel Bogie he isn't satisfied until he has proven to the world that he is better than the Colonel is. And from this time on they are deadly enemies.

The Colonel inhabits the golf courses of the world and is singularly retiring in disposition. Many men of excellent character and high social standing spend years trying to meet him and never succeed. Nothing can be sadder than the sight of an eminent citizen in whiskers and khaki pants toiling profanely around a golf course one stroke behind the Colonel and swelling up into a purple balloon with conversation every time he messes up his approach.

Yet the Colonel will be most approachable to a sixteen-year-old youngster with an old discarded driver and a few second-hand balls and will spend all summer in his company. People have strange tastes and none stranger than this mysterious gent.

Colonel Bogie can be met any day during the season by the simple process of driving a golf ball around a

nine-hole course in somewhere between thirty-nine and forty-five strokes. When this is done he becomes very friendly and can be approached time after time with very pleasant results. However, there are many men who prefer the club porch method of meeting the Colonel. By this method the golfer sits all afternoon in the shade of a tall sheltering high ball and talks about driving the fourth hole in three and approaching 210 yards over a peach orchard. The Colonel is like other famous men. Many of his most intimate friends have never really met him.

The Colonel for so popular a man is singularly quiet. He never says anything at all. However, this is because he seldom has a chance. His admirers do all the conversing while chasing him.

POLITICAL PHENOMENA

No feature of this country is so strange and interesting to the casual visitor from the haunts of nobility as our politics. No nation understands our politics, least of all the reckless countries which have tried to run the complicated machinery of freedom without any talent for mechanics of that sort.

Our politics has been severely criticized by Europeans for almost 150 years and upwards of 100,000,000 of the said Europeans have moved over here in order to live comfortably and happily while criticizing.

SENATORS

A SENATOR is a very great man who has been able to get a State legislature by the neck and choke a \$7,500 a year call from his country out of it.

Senators are very keen of hearing and sometimes can detect their country's call when it isn't loud enough to be heard beyond a very small room in a hotel. But after they have gone to Washington to toil in the Capitol, they often get surprisingly deaf. You can call to a Senator for three years and make so much noise that the Statue of Columbia on top of the Capitol will keep her hands on her ears for months at a time, but your Senator will only report to the President that he has heard no evidence of disaffection in his State. Senatorial work is terribly hard on the ears.

Senators will henceforth be elected by popular ballot which will be a great improvement. It used to take some legislatures so long to elect two Senators every six years that they had no time left in which to consider the child labor question and the uniform divorce law.

A Senator is supposed to act as a regulator for the House of Representatives. Each Senator has about four and a half Representatives to regulate and the job is evidently a very severe one for only fifteen of the present Senators have been able to hold it for more than ten years.

When a Senator goes to Washington he becomes a very important personage and lives in the lap of lux-

ury. The Government buys his office furniture and letter paper and soap and perfumery and tooth-brushes and bath towels and hair restorer, and when he leaves the Capitol at noon after a hard day's work, he finds some Captain of Industry waiting to take him down town in a gasoline chariot and buy him a cigar with a red, white and blue belt around it. All this is so comfortable that most Senators are very much averse to change. They want to remain just as they are forever, but unfortunately the hardness of hearing which develops in Washington owing to its isolation from the home line of opinion compels most of them to retire from office by request after a few years.

The Senate is a solemn deliberative body and is beautiful to watch. Senators are very courteous to each other except to those Senators who talk their way into the body. Talk is cheap and there is nothing cheap about the Senate. Take it all around the job is not what it once was. A plug hat and a pocket full of checks do not always cinch the election any more. A candidate has to show reasons why he should get in and then has to turn right around and show reasons why he shouldn't get out. Between these two a Senator sometimes only has a chance to feel proud and lofty for about one week out of the fifty-two.

THE CONGRESSMAN

THE Congressman is a representative of the plain people, and is employed by them as an errand boy in the national Capitol at Washington.

There is only one Congressman for every 200,000 people, and he is consequently very busy. Between packing up garden seeds for Bill Jones, pushing Ike Smith's pension through, trying to get a job in the census department for Orson Brown's daughter and towing old Sam Green around the city of Washington on a sight-seeing tour, he only has time to legislate about one hour a day. Some constituents treat their Congressman very cruelly, compelling him to carry their overcoats and pay for their cabs while in Washington, while others are more thoughtful, merely requesting them now and then to have Congress dig out a dry run on their farms and make a ship canal connecting with a horse pond, in order to help business during its construction.

Congressmen are elected from districts some of which look like the ground plan of a dying rattlesnake. The job pays \$7,500 and carfare to Australia each year, and is therefore very desirable. Most men start running for Congress at twenty and land about thirty years later. When the newly elected Congressman arrives in Washington he is taken to the Speaker, who gives him a brass collar with a number on it, and he is then given a private room in a beautiful four-acre marble office building which has hot and cold water and detectives in it.

There are about fifty Congressmen and 350 occupants of seats in Congress. The former make the laws and the latter help explain them to the people back home. A Congressman is forbidden to spend more than \$5,000 to get elected, but the law does not limit the amount which he can spend for board in Washington. Congressmen are viewed by landladies in Washington as a vested interest, and any law to prevent a Congressman from paying his entire quarterly check for hotel accommodations would be carried to the Supreme Court as an attack on property rights.

Congressmen frequently live to a great age — but not as Congressmen. The mortality among Congressmen is even greater than it is among Senators. The recent epidemic of November, 1912, swept almost 200 of them away. Congressmen survive by voting on the right side of popular measures, and those who succeed in guessing the right side give up magnificent careers as weather prophets and second sight mediums in order to do so.

THE PRESIDENT

THE President of the United States is a good and wise man, who is elected by the people to give tone to politics in Washington. He is popularly supposed to run the country, too, but he doesn't. He merely looks over the train sheets.

The President serves four years. Some of the most durable have served eight years. He gets \$75,000 a year and lives in the White House, a large mansion, completely surrounded by newspaper reporters. He doesn't get his salary for living in the White House, but it is said to be worth the money.

The President usually rises to his high office from obscurity, and goes back there promptly as soon as his term is over. Only native-born Americans can be President. This discourages immigrants so that they rarely go into politics. They go into business instead, and become aldermen.

It is the duty of the President to veto all bills passed by the opposition, to see that the Cabinet chairs are freshly filled each morning, and to eat whatever is set before him, no matter how badly the banquet committee may have fallen down. He must fit a Pullman car berth neatly, must enjoy seeing his features warped all out of shape by cartoonists, and must give reporters and writers any desired details about his way of shaving or his brand of socks or the way in which he ties his shoes. The President is public property, and is never allowed to forget the fact. The public is very hard on

Presidents too, just as it is on the rest of its property. Very few Presidents live very long, after their escape.

The President works very hard and is worked even more heartlessly. In former days, executives were very poor house-cleaners, but nowadays the President who didn't clean up at least a department of government a week would be accused of incredible carelessness. The chief exercises of Presidents are shaking hands and office seekers. Presidents are of various denominations. Some are Episcopalians, some Presbyterians and one or two have been thirty-cent pieces. Candidates for the presidency are chosen by influential politicians in a national yell Marathon held every four years. The candidate getting the longest yell is nominated.

The Presidents have all been noble, honest men. They are even grander and nobler after death, for then even the opposition admits it. If a President works hard and makes good, he gets into the hall of fame, and has 100,000 namesakes. Later on some of the namesakes are arrested for horse-stealing. There's nothing much in a name.

STANDPATTERS

THE United States has a good many political parties but only two kinds of politicians: standpatters and insurgents.

A standpatter is a stationary statesman who is satisfied with majorities as they are.

Standpatters have existed ever since Noah's time, when a large number of this great mariner's friends pronounced the forty days' rain to be only a slight local disturbance of no national bearing. Lot's wife was another eminent standpatter. She remained for centuries entirely motionless and looking steadfastly backward.

The standpatter believes there is a future, but does not believe in trying to haul it into the present by the neck. Political standpatters are satisfied with last year's laws and social standpatters are satisfied with last year's shirts. There has also arisen a new brand of standpatters who are regarded with great contempt in some quarters because they are satisfied with last year's wife.

Opinion varies as to the virtues of standpatters. We have the word of eminent statesmen to the effect that to stand pat is to rely upon the wisdom of the past, tempered with a firm tolerance of the present and a cautious survey of the future. We have the word of other statesmen to the effect that standpatism is a self-satisfied complacency merged with an intellectual timidity and surrounded by an impenetrable jungle of prece-

dent, predestination, paternalism, pantheism, plutocracy and pooh-bah. The insurgent says that standpatism is a fungus, jealous of a jackrabbit, because the latter can move; a second-hand kedge anchor buried in the mud and waiting for the ship of state to come back and tie up to it; a mournful and neglected hen setting on a china egg; a crawfish hole calling on the sun to revolve around it because it refuses to budge.

However, this is nothing to what the standpatter calls the insurgent. One standpatter recently alluded to insurgency as a merry-go-round racing with the horizon to the music of a steam calliope.

A standpatter doesn't allude to the wheels of progress, but to the obelisk of accomplishment. His favorite hymn is "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," and his model is the wooden Indian which has done business for fifty years in America and which has never taken a step forward or made a single mistake.

BOOMS

A BOOM, according to the dictionary, is a number of things among which is a loud noise.

Some booms of this sort are produced by cannon, and are exceedingly hard on the ears. Others are produced by admiring friends, and are terribly debilitating to the pocketbook. America is the home of the complimentary boom.

When a prominent citizen becomes afflicted with a boom, it must be given attention at once. A very small boom, the size of a man's hand on the inside sheet of a newspaper, may grow in a single week to an entire headquarters with a campaign manager, a barrel and many other distressing complications.

Booms are usually started by devoted friends for the purpose of making a man president, or senator, or Congressman, or legislator, or county clerk, or alderman, or poundmaster. A man who is no horticulturist at all can go out in February and start a bumper crop of booms. Along in May or June, however, it takes a mighty skillful gardener to nurse the boom along and protect it from frost. Booms are very susceptible to frost and can detect it when nothing else can. A boom can lie down and freeze to death while its owner is going without a collar and gasping for breath in the fierce June sun. Even a chilly word will sometimes cause a boom, which has spread over several States, to curl up and die in a single night.

The longest lived boom is the presidential boom.

These prey upon the favorite sons of the various States and may last as long as twenty years, requiring a vast amount of fertilizing and trimming in the meantime. A presidential boom may be killed down to the roots in half a dozen conventions, only to shoot blithely forth two years later and bloom as if nothing had happened.

Vice-presidential booms are of two sorts — those started with a view to interring some prominent man in the Vice-Presidency and those which attempt to hoist an unprominent man into the same position. Chas. W. Fairbanks and James S. Sherman were successfully entombed by the first method, but it backfired in the case of T. Roosevelt. By the latter method, social and political debts can be paid and it has now become the custom for a newspaper to mention a man for the Vice-presidency whenever he pays his subscription two years in advance.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

THE Electoral College is one of our poorest institutions of learning. It has no curriculum, no professors, no yell, and holds only one session every four years. It would take a genius to learn anything in the Electoral College, but it is very popular for all that, and thousands of men would feel highly honored if they had an Electoral College education.

The Electoral College has a trifle over five hundred students, but they couldn't score a touch-down on a well-trained high-school team. They have no coach and do not even maintain a glee club. The College never had even a set of colors except in the campaign of 1896, when it adopted gold. It is a very old school, having been organized in 1788 by the builders of the Constitution in an effort to remove the mental wear and tear of electing a president from the common people. The framers of the Constitution didn't have much faith in the taste of the common people as far as presidents went, and thought they were doing a pretty fine thing in letting the people elect the constables and legislators—an opinion in which a great many well-groomed gentlemen with automobiles still agree. But after the Congress had come within one vote of electing Aaron Burr president, the c. p. shivered slightly and took up the electing job themselves.

Since that time the life of the presidential elector has been one of great ease. His work is light and requires no strain on the intellect. He is nominated because

of his age and respectability and is coached in his job by the voters in the November election. After his State has indicated its choice for President, it allows him to go to the State capital and cast its vote with a nice new lead pencil. Then he comes home and rests on his laurels until he dies, when the city newspapers give him two lines and recall the fact that he was once an elector.

The Electoral College was invented because in the early days each State considered itself to be more important than the nation and insisted on expressing its ideas as a State and not as a population. But since State lines have become so dim that only sheriffs and railroads can tell where they are the College has become not only useless but a good deal of a nuisance and will probably be cleaned out and boarded up in the near future.

JUDGES

THERE is very little majesty and awful omnipotence in the United States, and most of what there is is possessed by our judges.

There is nothing about a baby to indicate that he will become a judge. When he becomes a youth other boys mingle with him freely, and sit on his head with the utmost cheerfulness and abandon. Even after he grows into manhood his future is concealed so carefully that people often slap him on the back and sometimes on the jaw as if he were only a common citizen. But suddenly, in the post meridian of his life, he becomes a judge and people look at the spot where he was a minute before as other people looked at the spot where Elijah stood when he flagged the fiery chariot.

Some people claim that they can tell when a man is going to become a judge. But they do not do it by looking at his features. They happen to be well acquainted with some politician.

After a man has become a judge he is a solemn and awful person with a perpetual headache caused by an overhanging brow. His duty is to sit behind a mahogany pulpit in a court room and decide that because the murderer was indicted in words of two syllables, instead of the seven-syllable words which are legal tender in court rooms, he is not guilty and the murdered person isn't dead after all. It is also the duty of the judge to interpret the law and to preside as referee over rival attorneys and to instruct jurors, or take the case away

from them if they are not wise enough to decide it, and to furnish politicians with something to worship. After a man becomes a judge he is a part of our great judiciary and can do no wrong. He may have been appointed by a red-faced ward boss as a reward for stealing ballot boxes, but after he is appointed he is sacred and the person who disputes his decisions strikes a blow at the bulwarks of national freedom.

We are allowed to criticise the President and the Twelve Apostles, but when we criticise a judge we are fined for contempt of court. Contempt of court is very costly. It would cost over \$1,000,000 to buy enough contempt for some courts.

There are four kinds of judges — good judges, bad judges, worse judges and ex-politicians. Some judges are appointed for life and only Heaven or a hostile party majority in Congress can remove them. The President is only a timid, unimportant individual who retires in a few years and can be sassed by anybody, but tornadoes and life judges are not annoyed very much by onlookers. We do not have *lese majeste* in this country, but those men who have made a few brief remarks about the decisions of a federal judge and have worn out a felon's cell in consequence feel that in contempt of court we have a substitute which is giving equally good satisfaction.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT

THE Vice-president is first gentleman in waiting to the President of the United States. He gets \$12,000 a year and feed for his horse, which is not as much as he would get if he waited in a New York restaurant instead of in Washington.

The Vice-president is elected by the people and becomes President if the President dies. If the President lives the Vice-president dies — politically. And yet the government professes to disapprove of gambling.

There have been twenty-seven Vice-presidents and seven of them have survived in history as Presidents. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Chester A. Arthur and Theodore Roosevelt took a chance and won — though Tyler and Johnson would have been happier if they had lost.

When elected, the Vice-president quits work and presides over the United States Senate. He is merely a referee, however, and is not allowed to bang the members about as the Speaker of the House does. When his term expires the Vice-president retires to his home, after which he can be found in the encyclopædia by a man with a good memory. There are now three living ex-Vice-presidents, which fact is not generally suspected. This also proves that Vice-presiding is not as wearing on the constitution as Presidenting. A man can be Vice-president and still remain partially alive for forty years afterward.

Vice-presidential candidates are chosen by national conventions as a relaxation after the exhausting labor of choosing Presidents. Sometimes a willing victim is found, but the job is usually wished on someone by a committee which meets in the grillroom of the leading hotel and draws a black bean out of a hat. To be a good Vice-president a man must have a name which harmonizes well with that of the Presidential nominee. He must be able to wear dignified clothes successfully, to shake hands fluently, sit for a handsome picture and remain silent in seventeen languages for at least four years. He should have money, but should not object to parting with it. And he should also be in sufficiently good condition to keep for four years without the use of preservatives.

Vice-presidents are ornamental but not useful, and we are constantly in danger of having them become Presidents. The Vice-president should be given \$100,000 a year and two votes in the Senate. This would tempt full sized statesmen into the job and the country would not shudder so convulsively whenever the President catches a slight cold.

CHIEF PRODUCTS

The United States produces everything except kings, poetry and old masters in great abundance. Although only one-third of its area is cultivated and that in the most casual manner, no American women working in the fields, it is the richest country in the world. An ear of corn planted in the spring will feed a fat hog all winter; and one thousand dollars properly high-financed will feed a somewhat thinner one for a lifetime.

CORN

CORN is called king in most of the United States, but this is saying a great deal too much for the King business.

Kings are all right in their way, but no king has kept 30,000,000 people fat and happy by his own unaided efforts, or has stuck to his job for twenty-four hours a day through a long, hot summer. When a king dies his subjects drop a respectful tear and then send for the undertaker's wagon and a goldsmith to cut down the crown to fit the next king. But when corn turns yellow and black and gray and expires before the harvest, half a great nation mourns for a whole year and refuses to buy new clothes, and cuts off its subscription to the local newspapers and votes against the administration with great firmness and biliousness.

Corn is raised as a food by millions of farmers, but is not absorbed directly by the American people in any great quantities. It is used largely to upholster hogs and cattle. A small red pig, if allowed to eat a crib of corn, will produce enough ham and breakfast bacon to keep a family fat and financially busted for three months, and a thin cow with a backbone like the ridge-pole of a cathedral, can so disguise herself by eating corn for a few months that the packer will mistake her for a silver mine and sell her for thirty cents a pound.

Corn is planted in the spring and grows like a small boy in a new suit of clothes. By July it is five feet high and going up faster than an English elevator,

and by September each stalk is a young flag pole with four-foot leaves waving from it like banners. Rival States love to impress each other with the height of their cornstalks, but Illinois holds the record. A central Illinois farmer once tied his horse to a cornstalk on a hot July day, and when he came back he had to chase the horse up the stalk for two hours with climbing irons in order to untie him.

In October the ears of corn are yellow and ripe and the farmer harvests them by stripping off the rough husks, yanking out the ear and tossing it into a wagon provided with a baseball backstop on one side. This is hard work and eventually develops a thumb like a horse file. An amateur can husk a bushel of corn before getting measured for a new pair of hands, but an expert can husk 100 bushels a day in the field and over 200 bushels a day in front of the village grocery store.

Illinois produces over 375,000,000 bushels of corn a year and Iowa nearly as much. Corn sells for from sixty to eighty cents a bushel on the hoof. There are many forms of bliss, but none more poignant than to own 6,000 bushels of corn in the crib and to sit in front of the postoffice, whittling a pine stick and letting the price go up two cents a day.

TOBACCO

TOBACCO is a weed which is raised with great care and expense in the night-riding portions of the United States and elsewhere, and is totally consumed by fire later on, there being no insurance.

In fact, three-quarters of the arson in the world is committed upon tobacco. Every day a million dollars of tobacco goes up in smoke, and yet no effort is made to treat it with asbestos or to make it fireproof in any particular. Many substitutes for tobacco are often used, such as rope, cabbage, excelsior, tar paper, jute bagging and twine, but unfortunately the substitutes burn as readily as the tobacco.

In fact, this is even more unfortunate than the inflammability of tobacco itself.

Tobacco is grown in the warm sunshine and consists of large bunches of flat, broad leaves which absorb the said sunshine and convert it into nicotine, a deadly poison which is said to be able to kill a man at forty paces if it cared to. When the tobacco is ripe it is chopped off and dried in bundles, after which it is made into cigars, torches, fumigators, plug cut, cigarettes, snuff and other contagious articles.

Tobacco was first used by the Indians and was discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh, who made seegars out of it and used them to divert his mind from his seasickness on his way back to England. When Sir Walter lighted up his first cigar in England and began blowing double rings of dense smoke through his mouth and nose and

ears his servant threw a pail of water over him and called out the fire department. This method of breaking the cigar habit is not in vogue to-day.

Tobacco can be smoked, chewed, inhaled or eaten with equally distressing effects upon those who are not hardened to it. Most boys begin the use of tobacco at the age of ten and continue until their fathers discover the fact — after which they discontinue the custom until they are too large to thrash. Tobacco readily becomes a habit and fastens talons of steel upon its victims, who will sometimes sell their vote or their everlasting friendship for a good cigar.

There are many kinds of tobacco. Some kinds will remove the lining of the throat neatly in a few minutes, while other kinds cost a king's ransom and smoke like rarefied velvet. Some tobacco, when smoked, will attract the attention of the health department four blocks away, while other kinds when made into cigars sell for \$1 apiece, and make kings contented with their jobs.

The United States could save a million dollars a day by refraining from tobacco. This would be glorious if we could be convinced that the million would not be spent for gasoline or Cabaret dinners.

THE HOG

THE hog is a machine for the transforming of corn into money. He is also a refutation of the saying that in union there is strength. When a hog is united and in good running order he is a nuisance and a great expense. But when he has disintegrated and his fragments have been scattered from Maine to California per refrigerator car he becomes a national asset and a source of wealth to which we point with pride if we are selling him, or which we view with alarm if buying.

The hog when intact is an appetite equipped with four legs and a squeal. This distinguishes him from the great financier, who has to get along with two legs. Men eat to live, but the hog eats to die. A man can eat enough to keep himself alive for seventy years, but if a hog is industrious he can eat enough to die with great eclat and profit in eighteen months.

The hog has never been called handsome, even by a post-impressionist. He has a large round body covered with coarse bristles, short stout legs, small uninspired eyes, ears which look like corn husks and a ridiculously inefficient tail. His face runs almost entirely to nose, and for tearing up ground four long-nosed hogs are equal to one Panama steam shovel. The rest of the hog consists of mouth and digestion. This is the secret of his great usefulness. With the aid of his digestion he turns corn into bank stock, farm land, automobiles and general prosperity. After a hog has con-

sumed the contents of a corn crib he stops being a hog and becomes bacon, ham, lard, pork chops, sausage, pickled pigs' feet and other luxuries, and can readily be traded for the common, hard-faced dollar which is so popular in all sections of society.

Because of his wide acquaintance with mankind, the hog has no manners and spends his time trying to keep what he can't eat himself away from his friends. He lives a wild free life on the farm but dies with great science and enthusiasm in the great packing houses at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Modern enterprise has utilized every part of the hog except his squeal and arrangements are now being made to reproduce these squeals by phonograph in order to perpetuate the remarks of Wall Street during the passing of a tariff bill.

PIE

PIE is a solid shot fired at the stomach by the Pilgrim Fathers. Like all other ordnances, however, it has greatly increased in deadliness by modern science.

Pie originated in New England, but like most of New England, has gotten a long way from home. It is now found from Sawgatuck to Saguinay and from Knight's Key to Bellingham, Wash. It is composed of a Harveyized shell filled with desiccated groceries, the whole roofed over with a manhole cover made out of dough. When the lid is clamped on, the pie is kiln dried until it will turn a fork point. It is then cut into wedge-shaped pieces and is eaten with avidity, and sometimes with a knife. Thus pie may be said to be the entering wedge of dyspepsia. (Fifteen minutes for recuperation here.)

There are many different kinds of pie, including the open faced, hunting case, jail window, frosted face and ventilated pie. There are also spoon pies, fork pies and finger pies. All pies, however, are similar in two respects. They have a bottom crust, corresponding to a concrete foundation and they are round. It is no more possible to make a square pie than it is to make a square barrel. A square pie would probably not explode while baking, but it would not come out right when cut, and the eater would very likely become confused and choke to death on the unfamiliar angles.

Of all pies, apple pie is perhaps the most popular.

A sour apple pie alleviated with cloves and sugar and cream will produce more internal joy and exaltation than \$10 worth of goose livers. Berry pies are also delicious, but fragile, and no man who has misplaced a berry pie during a picnic can ever forget it. The pumpkin is lowly and unloved until it is worked into pie, after which it becomes the theme of poets. Mince pie is a meat and fruit hash with an internal revenue flavor. Lemon and custard pies are noted for their delicate construction, but are exceedingly handy as missiles in a pinch. Pies are also made out of vinegar, cheese, rhubarb, prunes, persimmons, pawpaws, grapes, chickens and oysters. A pie was once made of live black-birds in England, which is about as near as the English ever came to solving the pie problem, anyway.

Pie is severely attacked by European critics and is also regarded with much suspicion in America. This is because pie is being made by too many rank amateurs, and is being eaten by too many enthusiasts. Four pieces of pie do not constitute a lunch, as many men fondly imagine, and a peck of miscellaneous material on a gutta percha foundation is not a pie, as too many housewives are prone to believe. Pies are like paintings — when they are good they are magnificent, but the world has no place for bad pies or bad paintings, either.

SLANG

ONE of the most enthusiastic of American industries is the production of slang.

Slang is home-made language, and is used largely by people who can't afford to use many store words.

Real tailor-made English comes in large leather-bound dictionaries, and is very expensive. A couple of thousand of these words are about all the ordinary man can afford unless he works his way through college. But any man can hammer out enough words in his own home with the aid of a little imagination to give himself a large and lurid vocabulary with weekly additions and revisions. Home-made words are now as numerous and as popular as the dictionary kind, and when a man who mixes up his own language meets a man who digs his out of the dictionary with the aid of a few pale, spectacled professors of English and style, the two have to talk to each other by signs.

There are three kinds of slang. One kind is used to fill up gaps in the conversation. Some people use slang profusely in order to keep their tongues going while their brains are feverishly clutching for another idea.

Another kind of slang is used by busy people who do not want to take the time to talk painfully around every grammatical corner. Sometimes one slang word will express perfectly an idea which would require a dozen costly imported English words to convey. It would take a formal talker half an hour using hundreds

of large \$3 words to explain politically, economically, and from a military standpoint what Theodore Roosevelt meant by "the big stick"; and after he had explained it, no one would understand it.

A third kind of slang is used to fill up the gaps in the dictionary, and to give the language a chance to keep up with the imagination. Word pictures can be painted out of the dictionary, but sometimes a slang word is a cartoon all in itself.

When slang words are necessary, they are discovered after many years by the philologists and are received into full communion in the English language. When slang words are bad, they go on the stage.

Very few men are so wise that they don't need slang at one time or another. And very few are so foolish that they will not use it when necessary.

THE OFFICE SEEKER

AFTER the American people have toiled six months on their quadrennial elections their output consists of one President and 200,000 office seekers.

An office seeker is a man who spends his life hunting for a good substitute for work. He can't afford to loaf and he cannot bear to toil. What he desires with all his soul is to rest, at a good salary, from the trials of a political campaign for the rest of his life.

Most office hunters begin hunting immediately after the November election, in which they took a very prominent part, and practically elected the President. They begin by asking for an ambassadorship and descend by slow degrees to a job in the census bureau. After an office seeker becomes chronic he doesn't care much what kind of an office he gets. All he desires is to hop aboard the great government machine and ride blithely from payday to payday, even if he has to ride the bumpers.

And yet an office seeker is not really as lazy as he thinks he is. He will toil night and day for months, marching hundreds of miles by the light of a tin torch and polling his ward with the utmost fidelity every ten minutes for the privilege of marching up to the incumbent in office and saying, "It was a hard pull, but we elected you"—and then of asking him in a hoarse whisper if he has a fourth assistant deputyship of any kind lying around.

An office seeker is the most relentless species of humanity. An Indian on the trail is trifling and uninteresting compared with him. An office seeker will follow a President over four mountain ranges, through 100 miles of swamps and through 987 miles of hotel corridors without once losing the scent. He will meet him at sunrise as he steals forth for a mouthful of untainted air and at midnight as the President steals down to the coal cellar to bank the furnace the office seeker will arise from behind the ash pile and show him his endorsements for the post of substitute doorkeeper at the Panama Canal. Office seekers worried William Henry Harrison to death and after he had died many of them led better lives in the hope of meeting him later and pressing their claims in a better land.

After a man has sought office for a while he isn't good for anything else and after he has gotten the office he isn't good for anything else either. Many an office seeker, after spending enough energy and genius to build a 1,000 mile railroad, has obtained a \$1500 a year office and has thereafter sat firmly through his life with his feet on the desk and a sign on the door telling opportunity to call again.

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

Every nation has its exclusive features. Some of them run mostly to ruins and others to scenery and restaurants. The United States has many novelties which cause the imported guest to gasp with interest among which are the following:

THE QUICK LUNCH COUNTER
GREEK LETTER SOCIETIES
BROADWAY
THE BASEBALL FAN
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER
THE GLORIOUS FOURTH
ELEVATORS
COLLEGE SPIRIT
COUNTRY CLUBS
THE HAM SANDWICH
SKYSCRAPERS

THE QUICK LUNCH COUNTER

IN the United States time is very valuable, because we have only had 135 years of it, while European nations have succeeded in using up more than 1,000 years apiece without getting anywhere in particular. In our 135 years, we have had to eradicate Indians, buffaloes, and rattlesnakes from 3,000,000 square miles of territory; build houses equipped with steam heat and pianos for upwards of 100,000,000 people; construct 200,000 miles of railroads; build 200,000 churches and 10,000 libraries; turn two million square miles of forest and prairie into cornfields and potato patches and bring 10,000 baseball teams to their present state of perfection. Because he has been busy at all these tasks, the American citizen has not had much time to waste on lunch. This accounts for the quick lunch counter, an invention by which a man is able to engulf four varieties of food and a toothpick in less time than it takes to flag a waiter in a European restaurant.

The quick lunch counter is as big a time saver as the telephone, the automobile, the packing house and the lynching bee. With its aid, a man can lower enough food into his digestive system in two minutes to keep it busy until evening and perhaps all night. It has come into a panting and breathless nation as a long sought-for boon and only the loiterer and the dilettante now sit down in a chair and put napkins on their vests before eating two-in-the-water-easy on a raft, with a draw one, and a stack of wheats on the side.

The lunch counter is manned by a crew of deft jugglers who can deal sandwiches right and left handed and cut a plate of pork and beans from under the deck without spilling so much as a bean. Judiciously concealed by a partition, a sad eyed cook prepares five orders at once on a gasoline stove. In a gold plated restaurant, a chef will take half an hour to prepare an order, and then get half of it wrong, but no one makes mistakes in a lightning lunchery. Time is money at noon, if not at night, and the cook who murdered one and a half minutes of \$10 an hour time wouldn't last long enough in a fast foodery to walk out by himself.

The lunch counter man makes his patron sit on high stools, so they will go away quicker and give someone else a chance. He can prepare a full meal in two minutes and three minutes later another man will be ordering from the same stool, while the waiter is hurling the ironstone dishes used in the last meal at the washer twenty feet away. Marvelous feats are performed by lunch counter patrons, some of whom are able to eat half a pie in thirty seconds with the aid of a knife alone. Men who eat rich dinners, lasting from 8 to 11 o'clock P. M., and women who live on chocolate candy look upon the lunch counter with horror. However, it is a great blessing to the business man. It gives him indigestion, spots in the eyes and blind staggers and compels him to retire from business and take up the study of civilization at the age of forty-five.

GREEK LETTER SOCIETIES

THE Greek Letter Society was invented over 100 years ago in an American college and there are now so many of them that the Greek Alphabet is becoming sadly overworked and must soon be enlarged to take care of the rush of business.

A Greek Letter Society is commonly supposed to be a gang of desperate young men who have sworn over a bloody skull to stand firmly by each other and never to reveal the name of the brother who blew up the courthouse. It is supposed to be so powerful that when twenty or thirty young men with pompadour hats get together in a black cellar under a red light and whisper in case-hardened voices they can defeat the noble young candidate for Congress who is supported only by a few shivering magnates or a plucky little railroad.

Greek Letter Societies are also supposed to lead lives of crime and to encourage their devotees to engulf large vats of virulent stimulants. Many a bright young man who has gone to college with a pocket full of picture cards for perfect attendance at Sunday School is supposed to have emerged from the first meeting of his secret society with a fierce yearning for hasheesh and the blood of tender young children.

All of these suspicions arise from the fact that the Greek Letter Society is secret and that its members are supposed never, no never, to reveal what has happened behind the black curtain with the cross-bones on it. Anything secret is suspicious, as John D. Rockefeller

has found out. But at the risk of invoking the horrid vengeance of the Alfalfa Delts, the Delta Kappa Son-of-aguns, the Eta Bita Pies, the Sigh Whooperups, the Mu Kow Moos and the Omega Salves we are about to divulge the four principal secrets of the Greek Letter Society.

Turn down the lights, please.

They are as follows:

1. The rent of the chapter house is now two months overdue and to-morrow the high priest of the Delta Flush chapter is going to try to jolly the landlord along another month.

2. If a certain tow-headed freshman is made president of his class he can be snagged away from the other frats and into our noble order. Vote, Brothers, vote.

3. On the third of next month an informal dance will be given with an imported orchestra and when the Epsilon Gammas hear of it they will expire with envy.

4. On next Saturday night at midnight three shuddering neophytes will be inducted into the awful mysteries of our mighty band. Let no brother forget to bring a barrel stave.

There are a few other dark secrets but none as black as these.

Greek Letter Societies are harmless and moreover are of great good. Many a collegian has, through them, learned the Greek alphabet so thoroughly that he has remembered it long after French and Trigonometry have cantered through and out of his memory.

BROADWAY

BROADWAY, the heart of New York, and the lungs of the theater business, is the best advertised street in the world. It is called Broadway, because it has no relation whatever to the straight and narrow path.

Broadway was originally a crooked and uncertain trail made by the Indians while returning from New Amsterdam with their week's supply of firewater. It is still crooked in spots, but there is nothing uncertain about it. As New York has grown, it has been extended to take care of the Rush of business, until it is now twenty miles long and two stories deep most of the way. It begins at the Battery, where the immigrants land, and where every language except English is spoken fluently. A mile north, it becomes the lair of the multimillionaire, and another mile north, its stores sell everything from tango costumes to pet alligators. Farther north, it leaps to a height of 800 feet, and then sinks to a desert of one-story shops with a twenty-seven-story hotel among them. It then suffers from a convulsion of theaters, recovers only to be captured by the automobile business, and still further north runs majestically for miles between tall, beetling cliffs of apartment houses. Fifteen miles from its source, it becomes the principal thoroughfare of Yonkers, being the only street to do duty for two large cities. It then rambles over the hills of the Hudson, between the estates of the impossibly rich, and is last seen headed for

Albany under a thick cloud of dust and automobile smoke.

Broadway contains the largest hotel in the world, for this year only, and its tallest building. The largest apartment house, the thinnest skyscraper, the most terrific restaurant and the most interesting church are all upon Broadway. It assays more millionaires, actors, automobile salesmen and gunmen than any other thoroughfare. It goes to bed at 8 P. M. at its lower end and wakens for the evening at the same hour, at 42nd street. It has more hotels, theaters, electric signs and dejected little parks than any other street. There is standing room only on its sidewalks and twice as many people travel underneath it.

Broadway is America in one reel. The immigrant lands at its lower end, pack on his back, sells sandwiches for the first mile, goes into business in the second mile, runs the city government in the next mile, and proceeds dizzily from the business section through the restaurant area and the automobile dispensaries, to the apartment house wilderness, and thence to a country estate on the Hudson at the far upper end.

Broadway is a twenty-mile leap from poverty to riches, with plenty of falling off places by the way. It will be longer some day, but never much more terrific.

THE BASEBALL FAN

ONE of the strange and terrifying phenomena of the United States is the baseball fan.

The baseball fan consists of two men occupying the same suit of clothes. In the morning the fan is anything from a minister to a quiet, respectable millionaire, with his mind cluttered up with bond issues. You cannot tell a baseball fan from a rational being at breakfast unless his wife allows him to read the morning paper at the table. But in the afternoon the fan ejects the other occupant from his clothes and takes them out to the baseball park where he affixes them firmly to the soft side of a pitch pine plank in the bleachers, and convulses, erupts, detonates, steam sirens and explodes until the simoons and tornadoes of sound make business difficult a quarter of a mile away. Casual visitors to this land from England and other rest cures look with alarm at the sight of a bank president tearing off his collar, dancing on his hat and pleading for a small bite out of the umpire, and these visitors return home with grave doubts as to the stability of our government. But the custom of segregating our periodical lunatics at baseball games has made this country safe and sane for at least 22 hours a day. If England could get its suffragettes interested in baseball, she would escape one of her worst troubles.

The real baseball fan flourishes only on the bleachers and soon wilts and loses his voice when confined in a box. When the sun is 100 in the shade, and the home

team is two runs ahead, he doesn't care who is running for President. What he is interested in is the man who is running for third. A home run means more to him than a stock dividend and when the team drops four in a row, even a new baby at home can't console him.

An easy way to detect a baseball fan this year while he is at large, is to approach him and enter into a discussion of politics. If he answers you in batting averages, you may feel safe in asking him if the police are tight about pop bottles and cushions in his town.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

THE Star-Spangled Banner" is our national song. It is a beautiful piece with the following words: "Oh — oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, tum-tum-tum, tum-tum-tum, tum-tum-tum, tum-tum tum, tum," etc.

Some people use words in place of the "tums," but this is not customary and is regarded as an offensive display of knowledge.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key, a Baltimore lawyer who was a prisoner on board a British war vessel during the bombardment of Fort McHenry in 1814. When the morning came and Mr. Key discovered that the American flag was still there he seized an envelope and wrote on its back the sublime words which, we are told, make up the poem. These were afterwards set to music by one of our earliest aviators who reached an altitude of high K above C in the closing bar of the song.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" became instantly popular, and has always awakened the greatest enthusiasm. It is a splendid piece to listen to when it is played by a band, but when sung the effect is marred by the crashing of masculine voices which have blown out a cylinder head on the high notes. The song has encouraged patriotism in America, but is undoubtedly accountable for our backwardness in music. After the average American citizen has splintered his vocal equipment on "the land of the free" a few times

he becomes discouraged and declines to Caruso any more.

However, "The Star-Spangled Banner" is our greatest national song and should be sung on all official occasions. If the government will appoint official tenors to take the high note either at an annual salary or by piece work, all trouble will be averted in the future.

It is customary for all patriots to rise when this piece is being played. This is a fine tribute to our nation, but is marred by the fact that it is played not only at patriotic gatherings but at prize fights, dog and pony shows, vaudeville performances and horse races. Many a fine old lady has struggled to her feet during a vaudeville show while a poodle dog has walked across a tight wire carrying an American flag in his mouth to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and she has glared reproachfully at the sodden souls beside her who have declined to bite.

We should be so proud of the "Star-Spangled Banner" that we should not only learn the words and jump at the tune but should pass a law forbidding it to be played as a means of hoisting an audience to its feet while a Greek strong man is holding up an old muzzle-loading cannon with his teeth.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

THE Glorious Fourth is the national cataclysm of America. It is the nearest approach to South American insurrection or an Hungarian parliament or a Mexican election that exists in this country. It is more fatal than any of these but is not as debilitating as deer hunting or toadstool eating or crossing Michigan avenue after 11 o'clock at night.

The Fourth of July is the longest day in the year, the almanac to the contrary notwithstanding. It begins at 4 P. M. on the day before and continues until the ammunition is exhausted. It is also the only audible day in the calendar. You can see Christmas, you can taste Thanksgiving and under favorable circumstances you can feel St. Patrick's Day. But the Fourth of July is made to be heard like campaign oratory. It sounds like a cross between battleship practice and a gambler's war back of a police station in Chicago.

The Fourth of July was invented to celebrate the Declaration of Independence. It was first observed by ringing bells. However, the new-born nation afterwards went out and shot up the British for five years after which bells seemed a little tame. At this point the Chinese firecracker, a tabloid noise put up in sanitary packages and sold by all grocers, was introduced and has given general satisfaction ever since.

The Fourth is the storm center of patriotism, youthful devilry, and burned fingers. It is paradise for the

small boy, purgatory for the old maid and hades for the yellow dog with a long, convenient tail. It is also the safety valve of a great many restless young American men who would burst if they had to go through life without shooting off a revolver now and then.

Cynical people say there is no use of celebrating the Fourth any more because we are no longer independent. But our ancestors had to fight for independence after they celebrated the first time. After we celebrate the Fourth, therefore, we should go out and fight for independence by hitting a trust below the eye.

Nervous people who go down cellar when it thunders insist that the Fourth should be celebrated without powder, evidently mistaking it for St. Valentine's Day.

If the inventors of the Fourth of July had been as afraid of powder as some of their descendants are we would still be saving our firecrackers for the King's birthday.

But if they had been as wasteful of their powder or as reckless with it as we are on the Fourth we might still be going to the postoffice to get a pound of tea.

We should observe the Fourth with moderation and caution but none of us should be too proud or too conservative to contribute a blistered thumb to the cause of liberty on this great day.

ELEVATORS

AN elevator is a sort of passenger skyrocket by which a person can be yanked off the earth and into a cooler climate forty-nine stories above in less time than it would take him to climb three flights of stairs and mop his forehead twice.

The elevator was invented in America, which also produced the quick lunch counter, the revolver, and other time savers and it has enabled man to colonize the air. Half a century ago nobody lived more than seventy feet above the ground. Nowadays men do business happily 700 feet aloft and discharge their office boys for stealing eagles' eggs off of the fire escapes instead of attending to business.

Some elevators travel 300 feet a minute, making stops at all way stations, while others run express to the three dozenth floor at the rate of 600 feet a minute, the passenger's vital organs following slightly behind. By taking a local up four floors and catching an express down to the city proper, a hurried financier can leave his office in the sunshine, slide down through a thunder storm and borrow an umbrella from a friend on the sidewalk in less than a minute's time.

Elevators are run by men and boys, who are kept so busy that they do not have time to take tips. This accounts for the enormous popularity of this ingenious contrivance in this country.

Elevators occasionally fall, but not as often as aeroplanes or brick houses. They are not as dangerous as

street cars or instantaneous water heaters, and nobody minds them in this country. However, they are regarded with great terror in Europe, and are only used as a last resort. An Englishman runs an elevator as if he were moving a barn and only the leisure class has time to ride in them.

Elevators have increased the joy of the American business man by taking him above the fly line, the dust line, the noise line, the book agent line, and the skyline. They are almost the only free thing left in America. The New Yorker who hasn't the price of a ticket to Coney Island need never despair so long as he can climb on an elevator and travel so high in two minutes that he can see half way back to his old western home.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

COLLEGE spirit is a harmless form of temporary insanity which is found on the leading campuses of our country. It cannot be bought in bottles like other well known spirits, but its effects are about the same.

College spirit is composed of enthusiasm, unconventionality and lungs in equal parts with a pinch of brains for seasoning. It is not used much in the class rooms but is a grand thing for the campus. A campus by itself is about as exciting as any other forty-acre field. But after a campus has been soaked in college spirit for a century or two, it becomes so exciting that a young man can hardly walk across it without taking a large bite out of his hat and giving ninety-nine Rahs for the school.

Without college spirit a student would study all night for four years and graduate at the head of his class with a caved-in chest and nervous insurrection of the stomach. But with a few doses of this celebrated elixir of life and thoroughly guaranteed monotony cure, the same student will hang a purple hat on his left ear, buy a suit of clothes designed by a cubist and sing with his friends in the street cars until the police gather him up for safe keeping; he will put on padded pants and a jersey, grab a football and attempt to bore his way through a man four sizes larger than he is, getting a broken leg with great thankfulness. He will insert himself into a revolving mass of maddened sophomores

and go home in a barrel carrying one ear proudly in his hand. He will work all night in the snow, contracting pneumonia and a sprained back while coaxing a reluctant cow who has no college spirit to crawl through a small window into the office of the college president.

Because of all these things some people laugh at college spirit and think that its possessors should be treated by our leading alienists. But boys who have college spirit seldom get over it, and when they tackle life later on, they tackle it low and hard and only grin when trouble kicks them in the slats.

COUNTRY CLUBS

A COUNTRY club is an American institution invented for the purpose of letting city people get out into the country without bothering the farmers.

Country clubs are built for lovers of nature and contain all sorts of conveniences for enabling them to soak themselves in bucolic bliss including grill rooms, bars, golf courses, piano players and table d'hôte dinners. With the aid of these and other comforts a man can sit in the rathskellar of a country club and drink in the pure fresh air and other things until the last car leaves for the city. People who have had a long course in country clubs become so familiar with the joyous life of the rural districts that they can tell the difference between the turkey trot and Tango dances by ear and distinguish a bull frog from a bull calf with the skill of an old agriculturalist.

Country club members are divided roughly into two classes — those who sow golf balls on the hillsides and those who sow wild oats in the grill room. These crops are not noticed in the agricultural reports but they are quite extensive nevertheless. The man who sows \$197 worth of golf balls in a 180-acre meadow, harvests a pair of brown forearms in the gentle autumn, and the man who gives his earnest and undivided attention to the untamed oats crops, harvests the usual results but in a more stylish and exclusive manner, drawing a large and fashionable audience when the judge grants the decree.

Since the automobile has become prevalent country clubs have increased enormously in numbers and the town which does not now possess one is looked upon with scorn, even by rural communities. To enjoy nature in a country club a member should not put on overalls and a straw hat as large as a city voting precinct. To do so would excite as much unfavorable comment as if he were to be caught milking a cow. White flannel suits and Paris clothes together with a haughty and detached air eked out when necessary with a monocle and lorgnette, secure the best results in these delightful rural retreats and a long line of well selected ancestors count for more on the country club circuit than the unporterhoused cattle on a thousand hills.

THE HAM SANDWICH

THE ham sandwich is the great American substitute for food.

A ham sandwich consists of a hinged bun with a suspicion of ham between halves. Modern science has now made it possible to slice ham so thin that one pig can upholster 5,000 ham sandwiches.

When eaten the ham is liberally smeared with mustard. Thus the eater imagines that he could taste the ham if it were not for the mustard and is perfectly happy. A new sandwich is now being tested in which the ham is painted on the inside of the bun, and it is giving very satisfactory results.

The ham sandwich is the mainstay of the American traveler. It forms the principal bill of fare at all railroad lunch counters. A railroad lunch counter may have hard boiled eggs and kiln dried chicken legs and other delicacies but after the hungry traveler has looked over the assortment he generally resorts to the sandwich.

One ham sandwich will keep the ordinary traveler from wanting any more food for 100 miles. This brings down the cost of traveling in a remarkable manner. Men and women have been known to travel for a week at a time existing entirely on ham sandwiches and a peculiar brown drink also found at railroad lunch counters and resembling coffee in price and its manner of application.

The ham sandwich is legal tender for a nickel in all

parts of the country except along a few railroads so lost to honor as to charge ten cents apiece for everything it sells to the traveler. When a railroad charges ten cents for the ordinary ham sandwich of commerce it can be viewed with suspicion. It is conducted for aristocrats and the common man stands no show with it.

SKYSCRAPERS

SKYSCRAPERS are indigenous to the American zenith and are found nowhere else. They are regarded with great contempt in Europe, because they are inartistic like presidents and captains of industry. But there is a suspicion that Europe scorns all these useful articles, principally because America thought of them first.

The skyscraper was invented in Chicago about twenty-five years ago. It was discovered that by constructing a 20-story steel skeleton, sticking two or three stories into the ground, and draping the rest with an overskirt of brick, stone or terra cotta, a very useful building could be produced. The first great skyscraper was the Masonic Temple in Chicago. It is 21 stories high and was once the wonder of the world. Nowadays, New Yorkers frequently stumble over it while looking for really tall buildings.

Skyscrapers are now built in one, two, three, four and five dozen story sizes. In New York, the first three sizes are out of style, and are being torn down to make room for really high buildings. The tallest skyscraper in the world was once the Metropolitan building in New York, 700 feet high, but last year it was the Woolworth building, with 50 stories, and a 60-story building is already being planned, while the city is also threatened with a 100-story building from the top of which the Goddess of Liberty will look like a shop girl on a dry-goods box.

Skyscrapers are made possible by the rapid elevator which is another American invention. The elevator hoists the occupant at the rate of 600 feet a minute, leaving his liver and other internals to follow slightly later. Europeans are more afraid of our fast elevators than they are of our fourteen-inch breech loaders, but they are quite safe.

Skyscrapers are also earth stabbers. Some of them reach 100 feet below the surface, and are useful most of the way down. There is no telling how much higher they will grow, but we may expect some day to see a doctor on the 19th floor, recommending a patient to an office on the 137th floor, where the climate is cooler and more salubrious.

Skyscrapers are not always beautiful to look at, but they are magnificent to look out of. Europeans who spend their days gazing from the second story of a beautiful building into the rear brick wall of another beautiful building will learn something to their advantage by taking a 45th floor office and soaking their souls in scenery as they open their morning's mail. It is like doing business on a steam-heated mountain top.

F A D S

This nation has more fads than most countries because of the great ease with which the American gets interested in something new. Among the many permanent enthusiasms of Americans only a few can be mentioned here.

BATH TUBS

THERE are more bath tubs in the United States than there are spectacles in Germany or barons in Italy.

The bath tub is the chief landmark of civilization. Wherever it can be found in profusion there civilization reigns and the man has a strangle hold on the culture of the day. A land may be full of wondrous marble palaces and temples which make the Congressional library look like an overgrown dog house, but if it has no bath tubs it is a failure and missionaries flock to it in great numbers.

In England the bath tub is the millstone of the civilized man. He does not wear it around his neck, but he folds it up and lugs it painfully around the world in his baggage. The bath tub has made great strides in England, but is still a curiosity in many hotels. If we peruse English literature the chief thing which we learn is the fact that the upper class Englishman cannot live without his morning bath. But if we peruse England from a humbler standpoint we also discover that he apparently does the bathing for the entire island.

In America the bath tub has made great strides, and is now more common than the piano and the mail order catalogue. The bath tub is the first rung of the ladder by which the American rises to prosperity. After having acquired a bath room he buys a piano on the installment plan. Then he joins a club and swarms gallantly upward into the automobile class. The bath

tubs of America keep the nation clean at a very small expense. For two cents a day an American can soak himself for half an hour each morning and can play the fascinating game known as chasing the soap. However, if he goes to the American hotel he discovers that baths are much higher in price. It costs him a dollar extra to rent a room with bath, and many travelers have been so irritated by this that they have gone out and stood in the dusty automobile road for an hour each afternoon in order to get their money's worth when they return to the hotel.

It is now the ambition of the American citizen to own as many bath tubs as possible and the magnate who has just built a house in which there are fifty-seven bath tubs for the use of himself, wife and little son is gazed upon with awe and admiration on all sides.

ANCESTORS

ANCESTORS are found along with old furniture and captive skeletons in all of our best American families. Ancestors consist of forefathers and foremothers, to say nothing of foreuncles and aunts, who have done something grand or noble, like being beheaded by a king or having a relative who was governor of a colony. This enables them to be pointed at with pride by their descendants forever more.

Being an ancestor is one of the easiest and most attractive of jobs. It merely consists of being boosted by one's descendants. Thus, many ancestors have been enabled to make good after they are dead. More than one ancestor who has gone out of this life a poor person, and only a few jumps ahead of the sheriff, has had the good fortune, a century later, to become the ancestor of some ambitious family with plenty of money, and has become so famous in consequence that his tombstone has had to be greatly enlarged and improved.

Ancestors are one of the most valuable and satisfactory of possessions. They are non-taxable and cannot be stolen. Their upkeep is practically nothing, and they do not deteriorate with age or neglect. In fact, they increase in value as they grow older. An ancestor 600 years old is worth a whole mass meeting of fifty-year-old ancestors. Adam is the oldest ancestor. He is 6,000 years old, and had a fine record. But he is a common possession, like education and liberty, so he is not valued very highly.

Almost all rich people own and operate ancestors. But the poorest man may have them, too. Many a man who hasn't two vests to his name, and cannot hold a job two minutes, has ancestors which are the envy of his automobilious neighbors. We cannot buy ancestors, if we do not have them, but we can buy them for our children by marrying discreetly. A full set of fine imported ancestors can now be purchased for a million dollars. The great trouble with these imported goods is the fact that they are often badly infested with descendants. Some of the very finest ancestors have been almost ruined by these parasites and there is no legal cure.

In England, everybody has ancestors. Some of them are over 1,000 years old, and are still in a state of excellent preservation. The best American brand came over in the *Mayflower* about 300 years ago. Most of the better grades of American ancestors are now controlled by a trust, the Daughters of the Revolution.

We should all be proud of our ancestors, but not out loud.

POPULATION

POPULATION is the chief end of American cities. Population consists solely and entirely of people. American cities collect people as misers collect dollars.

All dollars look alike to misers, and all people look alike to the city which is panting to cross the 100,000 mark in the next census.

If a city can collect enough crippled, anæmic, underfed and unwashed babies together, with the nondescript parents of the same, to boost its population figures 5,000, it is pleased and proud as if it was doing something to make these folks worth while.

When a city has doubled its population in ten years, the whole country applauds and exclaims, "Verily, here is another Chicago. Let us go hither and grow up with it."

And yet half of the people in that city may wish they were dead.

Population is the chief curse of the American city. If the census figures could be suppressed they would have to measure success in some other way. If we didn't have any censuses American cities might some day be bragging of their per capita wages and savings bank deposits. Commercial clubs might be ejecting factories which ground up workmen too carelessly and Chicago might some day boast that it didn't have a house without a bath tub. Nobody is proud of a house with two families in each room. Yet when a city has

acquired 50,000 extra population which cannot read English and live in tenements, in which one wash bowl has to do for a whole voting precinct, it looks with scorn upon the slow old burg down the line which has built nine new churches and a municipal playground but can only show a ten per cent. increase of population.

American cities will not be worth while until they forget population and remember their people.

DIVORCE

DIVORCE is an operation for the removal of a husband or wife. It is performed by a lawyer instead of a surgeon and can be done without an anæsthetic, though the fee is as large as if it had to be done with knives, saws, stump pullers and electric massage. It is not painful except when cross bills and co-respondents set in, but is subject to severe after-effects, such as alimony, which keep the victim financially bedridden for years.

In other countries divorce is resorted to only as a relief, and is regarded as being too serious to use as a cure for wife-beating or other minor troubles. In this country divorce is used as repartee, as a diversion, an advertisement, as second thought and as a means of playing that fascinating game known as "progressive marriage." Divorce in this country is so common that the slip knot is now being tied by all ministers. Couples marry for better or divorce. In New York, where people are so prosperous that they are not afraid of lawyers, it takes longer to call off the matrimonial history of a society leader than it does to announce the ancestry of a Bostonese.

Causes for divorce vary in different States which, together with the low rates and excellent train service, is a great convenience. In South Carolina there is no excuse for divorce, while in Reno, Nevada, a \$100 bill is considered ample reason. In Illinois divorce is as free as air to the lowest as well as the highest, and the wife

who burns beefsteak or the husband whose feet perspire have no legal standing and are likely to lose their matrimonial jobs at any time. It usually takes a young couple a year or two to decide whether they are fitted for matrimony, but in Chicago they marry first and decide afterward with the help of the judge.

Owing to the ease in which divorce can be obtained in this country, it is being greatly overdone. Wives are getting divorces in order to raise their husbands' salaries and husbands are getting divorces in order to improve their wives' complexions. One wife at a time is still the rule in this country, but the shortness of the time is causing a great deal of remark. It is time for reform. Every man or woman is entitled to make one mistake, but when a husband has proven a repeated fizzle, he should be compelled to go back to the lunch counter brigade for the rest of his life and give the bachelors a chance.

P A S T I M E S

The United States is the land of pastimes. The American earns his living in fewer hours than the citizen of any other civilized land and spends the rest of the time devotedly in sports and games. This is why the sporting sections of American newspapers occupy two pages while the editorials are boiled down into two columns; it explains also why the enterprising churches are preparing to mount themselves on wheels in order to follow the populace on Sunday.

BASEBALL

BASEBALL is played by a grandstand full of maniacs assisted by eighteen players in uniform, a national commission, a box full of sporting writers, a book of rules as thick as the Illinois code, and a low-browed pirate called an umpire. The object of baseball is to win the game for the home team. To do this it is sometimes necessary for the spectators to yell continuously for three hours at a time. This develops marvelous endurance. There are prominent business men in the United States who can pick out a player 100 yards away during a riot and can address a remark to him which he will not only hear but which will make him fighting mad.

Baseball calls for great skill in many directions. It is often necessary for a spectator to invent as many as fifty excuses in a season for leaving his work to assist at a baseball game. Some of our greatest politicians are baseball fans, who have obtained their marvelous ability to explain their votes in this manner. Baseball develops the lungs to a wonderful degree and also enables a man to hang by one hand to a crowded street car for five miles at a time without discomfort. It produces great skill in throwing pop bottles, cushions and lemons, enriches the conversation and makes the devotee impervious to heat. Moreover, by the end of August many a baseball enthusiast has become so inured to hard pine benches that he can sit in a church pew upwards of fifteen minutes on a winter Sunday before succumbing to the discomfort.

To assist at a baseball game requires close attention and constant effort. The opposing pitcher must be persuaded that he has an arm like an old rubber hose and the base runner must be reminded that the man on third is a wooden Indian, who has lost his original job through old age. The baseball spectator who neglects to remind the visiting batter that he couldn't hit a baseball if it was nailed to a fence often allows a home run by his carelessness. In an empty arena the New York Giants would play bush league ball while a city full of skilled spectators could make a good race for a baseball pennant with a team of Egyptian mummies.

Baseball has not only enriched the American vocabulary, but it has cured thousands of cases of serious illnesses which have developed suddenly in the morning and have been cured by an afternoon at the game. It makes summer worth enduring for business men, office boys, actors, sporting writers, and vast numbers of plain people. It takes precedence of stocks, accidents, the doings of Congress and the health of kings in the newspapers. Romances are tame beside the last day thrills of a struggle for the pennant, and man's quickest heartbeats are produced by slides to second, home runs in the ninth inning and strikeouts with the bases full.

If ever the American nation is struck dumb, baseball will perish. But so long as we are not too dignified to yell, it will reign unrivaled in the dog days.

FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL is an effort on the part of forty-four shin guards to occupy the same place at the same time. It is classed as a game, but looks more like a clinic. It is called football, because the ball is about a foot long.

It takes twenty-two men to play football and somewhere near twice that number to keep them in repair. An automobile is durability itself beside a football player. In our large colleges, the football garage is constantly filled during the Fall with football players, who have had to go into the back shop for a thorough overhauling. The chief objects used in the game beside the players are a referee's whistle, two goal posts, a red cross wagon, a barrel of splints, a loud virulent yell, a carload of flags and a few thousand rooters with brass-lined throats. A rooter is a baseball fan with a cold-weather carburetor. He can stand for hours in the snow and yell without disturbing anyone outside of his own congressional district.

The football is used in the game to locate the disturbance. Wherever the ball is, there is no more peace than there is in a love-feast with an insurgent in it. The object of the game is to take the ball down the field to the goal over, under and through the opposition without the aid of axes, saws, carving knives, battering rams or dynamite. Those who have seen a good football team in action will realize how little these things are needed anyway.

Football is not a peaceable game, and is also dangerous. Some football players are so unscrupulous as to fall down before the advancing runner and twist his ankle by getting it tangled up in their ribs. Frequently also, the man with the ball will snag himself severely on a broken bone, while going through an opponent, or will dent his head on an adversary's teeth, or will slip on a slippery face and twist his knee until he yells with pain.

Football requires various talents. A football player should weigh 180 pounds and should have copper fastened teeth, reënforced concrete shins, a lithe, limber backbone and angle iron knees. He should also have a duplicate nose if possible. The player should be so hard that he can dent a locomotive and yet so flexible that he can emerge from beneath twenty-one men, reach out his arm twenty-seven feet and plant the ball between the goal posts. He should also be able to grab a 13-inch shell around the waist and hold it until help arrives. If possible, a football player should refrain from marriage.

Football is played mostly by collegians because by the time a man is out of college he has sense enough not to play it. An old player can be told by the quiet way in which he doesn't dodge street cars, automobiles, hoodlums and lightning. If they hit him it is their own fault, and he does not hold himself responsible for the consequences.

CORN HUSKING

CORN HUSKING is a national game which begins about the time baseball peters out and continues until the blizzard season. It produces the same distressing results to the fingers as baseball does, but as a dividend producer it is about a thousand times more effective.

Corn husking is not a college diversion but has sent thousands of boys to college and has given them their sinewy wrists with which to grasp the flying halfback by the spinal column and check him in his mad career. Corn husking cannot be played in a stadium or amphitheater. It requires more room than golf. A forty-acre field will keep 100 golfers busy for years, but a 100-acre field will only last two expert corn huskers for a few weeks.

Corn husking is the most valuable exercise in America. Corn that hasn't been husked is as valueless as a Salome dancer in street clothes. Hundreds of throbbing geniuses have spent their lives in trying to invent a machine which will deftly remove an ear of corn from its garments and toss it into a wagon, but the only entirely reliable machine of this sort in use is the farmer boy who rises at 4 A. M. and grasps 100 bushels of corn ears firmly between his aching thumb and forefinger before the sun goes down.

The rules of corn husking are very simple. The husker arms himself with a pair of large mittens with armored thumbs and follows a wagon across a cornfield

denuding two rows of stalks as he goes and trying to keep the horses from eating themselves to death while waiting for him. The wagon keeps moving all day long and if the husker is beside it at night he wins. If he isn't, the wagon wins. It is a very exciting game, but not suitable for delicate young athletes with fragile, manicured fingers. Many a man who can follow a golf ball all day long with the grim tenacity of a foxhound following an anise seed bag has retired from a husking game at noon with a low moan and a bunch of desiccated digits.

There are many husking experts who can keep three ears in the air right along and can hurl 200 bushels of corn into a wagon in ten hours, only missing it occasionally. A man who can do this is more useful to humanity than the man who can hurl 200 spit balls per day before shouting thousands or the daredevil who can travel 200 miles an hour on a motorcycle in the last stages of hydrophobia. There are 4,000,000,000 bushels of corn to be undressed and hurled in this country each fall, and only a few million red-necked and horny-fingered farmer boys stand between us and ruin.

TREATING

TREATING is an American pastime. It is also Exhibit A in the European effort to prove that all Americans are crazy.

Treating is the process of drinking a drink which you do not want in order to buy another man a drink which he probably doesn't want, and then drinking another drink which you want still less in order to give him the opportunity of paying you back before you set him down as a tight wad who would rather squander his money on hats for his wife than in a noble effort to drown his friends.

This, however, is only the beginning of a treat. Then the first man, having drunk two drinks which he didn't want, buys the second man another which he doesn't want, and drinks a third on himself which is as unwelcome as a ninth cousin at Thanksgiving.

After which two other men come in and the treatee buys the treater another drink and one for himself, which he hasn't room for, and also buys drinks for the two newcomers.

Then each of the two newcomers buys drinks for the other three, after which the original treater repays the new obligation by buying the original treatee his seventh drink and drinks for the two newcomers and another for himself, which he has to push down with a swab. Then the treatee indignantly demands that he be allowed to square himself and he buys drinks for all the four and for three strangers who have dropped in

and who immediately prove that they are free-born patriots by buying drinks for everybody. Then the original treater, having poured the ninth, tenth, and eleventh drinks on his hair, buys a barrel of refreshments for the other six men and four more whom he goes out and drags in by force, gives his watch to the bartender, tells the free lunch the story of his freshly pickled young life and goes to sleep on the ash can in the alley, weeping over the fact that Cleopatra was no lady.

Treating is etiquette and is more rigidly observed than most State and national laws. A man must always buy a drink when his turn comes. Only death or paralysis of the barkeeper can stop the rotation. Consequently, thousands of men who go into bar rooms to absorb a small snifter of beer apiece are rescued from the bar later in the day by the life-saving crew in a taxicab after incredible perils.

Some men are so mean and lost to all sense of honor or decency that they will not only go home after being treated without treating back, but will sneak away and drink by themselves. These men should, of course, be avoided. They can be told by their pale complexions and almost painful sobriety.

GETTING RICH

GETTING rich is the greatest American game. The season lasts twelve months each year, Sundays included, and the players include practically all the citizens able to distinguish the salient points of difference between a dollar and a stick of candy.

The getting rich game is played on all kinds of fields. Some men play it for sixty years on a flat top desk, while others use a 10,000-acre farm and still others a small, green baize covered table. There are no standard implements for playing the game either. Some men use a stock ticker, some a twine binder and some the small but eloquent pocket instrument of conversation, which can make eight speeches with one loading. Some men play the game by betting a thousand dollars on a horse race in the hope of accumulating another thousand. Others prefer to save up \$25,000 and invest it all in a rubber company in the hopes of getting spinal trouble while trying to lug home the dividends. In both cases the principle is the same, but in the former the end comes more speedily and is comparatively painless.

Getting rich is a sort of catch-as-catch-can game. There are no rules to speak of. Generally speaking, in polite circles it is not proper to club a man while taking his money away from him. But this is only because more convenient methods have been perfected. The coarse hold-up man who beats his victim with a gas

pipe while subduing him is looked upon with great scorn by the soft spoken captain of skindustry who sells the same victim a little preferred stock and then runs the price down until said victim parting asks him as a personal favor to take it back for nothing.

Getting rich is a peculiar game because everybody loses and nobody wins. Some men lose health and others reputation. Some lose a happy and carefree youth, while others lose their patriotism. Some mislay their wives and families in their mad enthusiasm, while practically all players lose their ability to distinguish between the laws and a good lawyer who will obey orders and no questions asked.

Nobody wins in this game because nobody really gets rich. As soon as a man has gotten \$10,000 and can afford to wear two clean collars a week, he discovers that \$50,000 is the winning mark. When he makes \$50,000 he learns how to become a millionaire. When he gets his million he is so embarrassed in the company of the real plutocrat that he blushes whenever he thinks of his pile. And just as he has accumulated \$100,000,000 and has perfected plans for taking over the earth in a limited liability company, Death scythes him down and his bright prospects are everlastingly blighted.

Getting rich is more fatal than pugilism, dueling, or playing with matches in a powder mill but nobody objects to it. Some of us would if we were not too busy — getting rich.

BRAGGING POINTS

Owing to the great unwillingness of other nations to brag about us we Americans have been compelled to do our own boasting. We are as thorough and successful in this as we are in other occupations. There are over 1,000,000 separate and distinct bragging points in this country of which the ones which follow are perhaps the most deserving.

THE PANAMA CANAL

THE Panama Canal, which is now open for business at the old stand, is a fifty-mile-long gash in the face of Nature, which would be visible from the moon with the aid of the Yerkes telescope. It is the largest alteration and improvement on the planet which has been accomplished by man up to date and has been done in the past ten years by 100,000 workmen, a few sets of high powered brains and a shipload of mosquito netting.

For many hundred years men have wanted to dig the Panama Canal, and several very costly attempts have been made. But while plenty of help could be secured and boatloads of money were available, the exact model of brain required could not be found and no attention was paid to mosquito netting. As a result, while the Panama district became one of the most flourishing cemeteries in the world it was never navigable to any extent. This is a scientific age, and nothing proves it more extensively than the fact that when the United States engineers tackled the job of moving several hundred million tons of earth and rock they began by chasing a mosquito into a corner and killing him with a kerosene can. As a result Panama, which was once a trifle more fatal than bichloride of mercury tablets, is now one of our leading winter resorts and the workman who tires of life and wishes to fade away as former workmen once did by thousands has to hire a personal friend to kill him with a club.

The Panama Canal unites the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and severs the neighborly feeling between England and America. By means of the Canal 30,000-ton ships will be hoisted deftly over the mangled back bone of the continent and dumped safely into deep water on the other side. It has cost upwards of \$500,000,000, and no one has gotten rich off of it. Thus, without going into tedious dimension details we can say with confidence that it is the eighth wonder of the world and the first wonder of American politics.

In order to dig the Panama Canal the Government had to cut a mountain in two, build a large navigable lake, pull a river up by the roots, build locks big enough to hold an exposition building, change a climate, establish a revolutionless Central American republic and keep several thousand politicians at bay. All this was successfully accomplished under Colonel Goethals, the world's greatest locksmith and geographical surgeon -- which leads us to hope that the Government will now have the courage to tackle the Mississippi River and make it behave.

ON "PUSH"

PUSH" is the process of getting ahead, if necessary, over the feet and faces of the crowd in front.

This country is the home of "push." Owing to the constant endeavor of the rear rank to become leaders, a man does not sit down contented in a good job in the United States for two reasons. First, because he hopes to push the fellow ahead of him out of his place, and second, because the fellow behind him is pushing on him day and night.

"Push" consists of getting down to business early and taking it home with you at night; of selling a steam thresher to the man who came in for a half-inch nut and washer; of doing business on the sidewalk, while one's store is burning up across the street; of getting the other fellow's trade away from him without using a club, unless absolutely necessary; of advertising until men go on Arctic expeditions to get away from your trademark; in short, of grabbing Opportunity a mile down the street, dragging him in by the heels and making a door boy out of him.

One hundred years ago the United States had less than 8,000,000 people, a lot of debts, a war about ready to hatch, and a few men of "push." They kept pushing until the country had to enlarge five times to take care of its business. In the last twenty years, Americans have pushed harder than ever until this nation is now the wealthiest on the globe, and all over the

world foreigners are rubbing sore spots and commenting bitterly upon American "push."

"Push" is what is digging the Panama Canal and building ready-made cities of 100,000 people such as Gary, Indiana. "Push" got the New York skyscraper up 800 feet and filled Detroit so full of automobile factories that it takes all the air in one ward each day to pump up the tires of the new machines. But "push" has also filled the federal prisons full of bankers, who tried to make a few yards through the law, and "push" has made public officials out of a great many men whose only qualification was their ability to get up early in the morning and collect votes when the sheriff wasn't looking.

"Push" has made this a mighty country and a very uncomfortable one. With the meat men, the wheat men, the shoe men, and the oil men all trying to become instantaneous millionaires by means of "push," the average citizen is full of bruises where he has been "pushed." "Push" is a good motto, but "Quit your shoving" isn't so bad, either.

INDEPENDENCE

AMONG its other natural resources America has a peculiarly rich vein of independence.

Independence is a reënforcement in the backbone which makes a man want to do things by himself, even if he has to push a tyrant in the face to accomplish it.

Being independent is usually exciting and seldom pleasant. Independence and trouble are old college chums. They come to a man arm in arm, and as he shakes hands with Independence, Trouble climbs right onto his back and takes up permanent quarters there.

Many years ago the American colonies decided to become independent. This made England very angry and she declared that if she found any independence in an American colonist, she would shoot it out of him and very likely damage him permanently at the same time.

Then the American colonists held a great meeting in Philadelphia and issued a declaration which invited England to come over and shoot away until she got tired. It took England five years to get tired and many a patriot had his independence shot away, but not until his liver and pancreas had gone first.

The Declaration of Independence is still celebrated each year in this country. Some people claim this is all foolishness, because there is no more independence. They claim that the entire country has been capitalized in six per cent. cumulative stock by various gentlemen residing within easy walking distance of Wall Street.

This is not true, however. The American citizen is still so independent that he will walk ten miles to hit a trust with a brick. The trouble is, the trust usually buys the brick from him before he throws it.

There is plenty of independence in this country, but most of it has been bought up. The meat trust has so much independence that it recently told the government to go to grass.

Independence is a very precious thing and brings a high market price nowadays. Even the bravest tyrant would hardly dare to stop an American and take his independence away from him. He would also be very foolish to attempt it when it can be done so much easier by giving said citizen a small office or a big rebate.

AMBITION

AMBITION is the stuff that schemes are made of — particularly political schemes. It is also a sort of mental tack which makes it uncomfortable for a man to sit down. It is likewise a grim taskmaster which takes him by the ear when he has finished the things he has to do, and leads him over to a pile of things which he has a chance to do.

America was once full of slaves who toiled nineteen hours a day for their cruel owners. Nowadays it is full of slaves who toil the same hours for ambition, and plan new tasks for themselves during the other five.

Ambition has filled this land full of millionaires, bankrupts, statesmen, jangled nerves, busted digestions, poor piano players and unhappy fathers-in-law of foreign noblemen. This indicates that ambition isn't always a good thing — which is strictly true. Ambition is a grand thing when properly fitted with check valves, brakes and clutch-releases. But when ambition takes a man and yanks him from the cradle to the tomb without giving him a day off to go out in the country and hear the corn grow, it is no better than a runaway horse.

The world never gets tired of viewing the marvels wrought by ambition. Ambition is fond of picking up human riff-raff such as cripples, orphans, ignoramuses, invalids and truant school boys, and making them into artists, poets, generals, statesmen and presidents. Ambition, plus a small man with a receding chin, is more

formidable than a giant with a college education and a fine taste in easy chairs.

Ambition is harder on content than a cat is on a mouse. It is also tolerably hard on honesty, but it likewise eradicates laziness and shiftlessness, and when a man is suffering from a large dose of concentrated ambition he may be found in a sanitarium, but it is perfectly useless to look for him in a poorhouse.

America contained vast natural deposits of ambition and when these were combined with immigration, the result was the United States. An American is an Englishman plus ambition. An Englishman hurries up his work so that he can have tea at four and get into his flannels. An American hurries up his work so that he can take another man's job away from him and do it before supper time. Ambition doesn't often make a man more pleasant to have around, but it generally makes him much more useful to his widow.

Ambition, like a great many other things, is often sadly misplaced. There are a great many fine truck drivers, shoe repairers and pie builders who will not stop trying to be politicians, violinists, and social leaders until they are operated upon for ambition.

REFORMERS

A REFORMER is a man who insists on peddling recipes for the millennium to people who are much more interested in golf, automobiles, free lunches and appeals to the Supreme Court.

Reformers are America's greatest blessing and annoyance. They are more pestiferous and uncomfortable than mosquitoes, because they work both day and night, summer and winter, and cannot be demolished by a mere slap of the hand. A man who has amassed a million dollars by a nice little ward organization, or a cozy little railroad, or a comfortable corner in ice can keep mosquitoes and other nuisances out of his palace by means of screens and oil of wintergreen, but the reformer creeps in with the morning newspaper and the monthly magazine, and stabs him in his easy chair with ever increasing vigor. There is practically no antidote for, or escape from, them except to flee to Russia, where they use stern measures with these pests, and keep them from talking by means of a stout rope tied tightly around the windpipe. Russia has almost no reformers left and yet immigration to this paradise is very small indeed.

Reformers are a nuisance, because they are continually waking up happy people and calling their attention to their sorrows. They have never given us any rest. When a few self-sacrificing patriots elected our presidents for us a century ago, the reformers yelled until a popular vote with all its annoyances was introduced.

When the country became healthy and great, the reformers were not content until we had gone to war to free the slaves; and even to-day when prosperity is so inconceivable that the working man has to carry his week's salary down to the meat market in a wheelbarrow, the reformers will not let us be happy, but keep on talking about pure food and conservation and revised House rules and popular ownership of Senators and deodorized big business and other idle dreams, until life is hardly worth living except for poor men.

The only way to quiet a reformer is to give him what he wants and this is only a temporary relief, for he soon figures out another reform and begins to shout for it.

Reformers have made us a civilized and unhappy people, whereas without them we would still be living contentedly under the protection of a fatherly old baron who would do our thinking for us and would hang us tenderly from his castle walls if we presumed to bother ourselves about it.

D R A W B A C K S

Even the Garden of Eden had a snake in it. Portions of the United States are perfect and then again other portions need energetic fumigation. We are proud of our progress but we will never be entirely satisfied until something is done about the following drawbacks of our beloved land.

TORNADOES

NO man is a real thirty-third degree American until he has helped pile up and put together some town or city after a tornado has toyed with it.

The tornado makes its lair in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys as a rule. It is a grizzly gray greenish cloud with a long funnel attachment which extends down to earth and sucks up the scenery with horrible avidity. This funnel whirls at the rate of 11,000,000 revolutions a minute and as it proceeds across the country, it picks up farm houses, chickens, locomotives, churches, hay stacks, school houses, blackberry patches, and national banks and carries them away. This shows the natural viciousness of the tornado. It has no use for these things — it only carries them away to cause annoyance. After mixing them up thoroughly, filling the school houses with locomotives, impaling the hay stack on the church steeple, picking the feathers from the chickens and mixing them with \$5.00 bills, it deposits the mess in the next county in a forty-acre stand of wheat, folds up its funnel and goes away to take another bite out of civilization somewhere else. You can follow the path of a tornado across a whole State by the things which aren't there. Even a city detective could do it.

Tornadoes rise in the southwest and proceed northeast, like Ex-senator Bailey, leaving consternation in their wake. Like Nero and other pitiless monsters, they are frivolous by nature and love to produce quaint

obituaries and unique horrors, such as blowing wheat straws through hired men, turning orphan asylums inside out, stuffing cows into pianos and tearing the clothes off of the dazed citizen, leaving him arrayed in his politics ten miles from where home would have been if it had been let alone. In the old days when cyclones infested Kansas a great deal, the State was full of mournful farmers hunting for misplaced houses, barns, cellars and sorting out tangled fences and county lines.

When a tornado visits a town it only stays a minute or two, but it is mentioned for years, and everyone remembers dates by it. Tornadoes can be avoided by dodging behind a mountain or into a small cellar with a stout door on top, but cannot be argued with or successfully opposed. However, no tornado has ever met Col. Roosevelt on a campaign tour. Tornadoes have more luck than some presidents.

REVOLVERS

THIS country would be happier and healthier if revolvers cost a million dollars apiece.

A revolver is a nickel-plated substitute for bravery, which has practically driven the original article out of the market. It is a small, loud instrument with a cylinder, a trigger and a barrel, through which lead bullets can be deposited with great ease and rapidity in burglars, pedestrians, political adversaries, and personal friends against whom the owner of the revolver may be temporarily prejudiced.

The revolver gives a puny man with a $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch brain and the pluck of a grasshopper a 100-yard reach and makes him more deadly than a Sioux Indian. There was a time when this country had no dangerous animals, except bears and wolves, and life was safe, except on the frontiers, but now vast hordes of sixteen-year-old boys who use their skulls for a dime novel bookcase, roam the streets with cigarettes in their faces and portable cannon in their hip pockets, producing obituaries with the skill and enthusiasm of a cholera microbe; while it is at all times possible to meet a personal enemy who has been chasing you for a week, and who is reluctantly compelled to defend himself when he catches you by filling you so full of lead that your remains will require eight pall-bearers.

Revolvers are now so generally used in debate, in domestic quarrels and repartee of all sorts that 8,000 Americans die of them each year. In India about this

number of natives die from cobra bites each year and the government is doing its best to extinguish the cobras. But in America revolvers are being perfected each year, and are now given away as premiums with tea and soap. The latest models, moreover, keep right on shooting when the trigger is pulled, which makes it possible for the owner to get not only the man he is shooting at, but a few bystanders and a baby or two in the bargain.

No man should be allowed to carry a revolver except a policeman and he should be required to count up to 10,000 before using it.

WALL STREET

WALL Street was originally a proper name denoting a street in New York City. Now it is an improper name used generally as an epithet by the indignant public.

The real Wall Street is situated in New York City midway between the Club district and the bread line. It is the popular thoroughfare to each of these places and is always thronged with travelers fighting to get to one destination or the other. It is named Wall Street because so many people go to the wall there. It is a short, narrow street, about two blocks long, three blocks high and so narrow that thousands of people are squeezed every year trying to get through it. It is the crookedest street in the world. Sometimes it has as many as half a dozen corners in one block.

Along Wall Street are the stock exchanges and the offices of a great many permanent and temporary rich men, all of whom are engaged in watching the prices of stocks and wondering whether they will buy a new automobile or pawn the old one that evening. Riding up and down the elevator of prosperity is the favorite Wall Street occupation. Here men do not take the time to climb the ladder of success. They use a balloon and the man who carries a parachute is a piker.

Wall Street is the second largest menagerie in New York. It is full of bulls, bears, lambs, wolves, sharks, suckers and octopuses, while more than once the elephant, the donkey and the tiger have been caught fool-

ing around here. Contrary to popular belief, it is also one of the greatest manufacturing districts in the world. It turns out a corporation every day, a millionaire complete, every hour, and a job hunter every few minutes. It has made one or two presidents and a large number of senators have its name plate on their togas. It is also the most completely equipped crisis factory in existence. It can deliver a crisis in full working order on twenty-four hours' notice.

Wall Street has been accused of a great many sins, most of which are sins of commission, but it is not as bad as it is painted. It does not work on Sunday and it saves a great many foolish young men from becoming millionaires and getting the gout. Wall Street is also very religious. The members worship the Lord on Sunday and J. P. Morgan on week days. Moreover, we must not forget, beloved readers, that it was Wall Street which gave us President Roosevelt by interring him in the Vice-presidency. This alone should make us think very kindly of it and patronize it whenever we are in need of walls.

PULLMAN PORTERS

A PULLMAN porter is a sad Senegambian who makes beds in a sleeping car for a living. He makes twenty-four beds each night and gets done just in time to begin unmaking them in the morning. When business is brisk a porter sometimes has to go without food for three days, because he cannot take the end of a pillow slip from between his teeth long enough to snatch a bite.

Besides making up beds, the porter has to polish shoes. All night long he polishes shoes, putting black polish on the tan ones and tan polish on the black ones with great care. He polishes all the shoes he can find and then puts them away in a pile. Then he goes away himself and stands out in the cold gray dawning on the rear platform for hours at a time, while his guests ring a bell that has been disconnected. However, he always gives the shoes back when he gets around to it. Sometimes a greedy guest takes a second helping of shoes and the last man gets left, but this is not the porter's fault, and those who blame him wrong him cruelly.

Porters are always dark men but they are not as dark as their deeds. A porter likes nothing better than to steal the whisk broom out of the wash room and then rent his own broom to the passengers for a quarter apiece.

Porters are also absent-minded. While thinking about their wrongs, they forget to waken the sleeping passenger until the train is slowing down for his town,

thus compelling him to dress lightly in his trousers and leap for life with a bushel of clothes in his arms. But porters are very faithful. All night long when he is not making berths or blackening shoes, the porter sits by the car heater and stokes it. If the thermometer drops below 111, he is ashamed, and weeps bitterly over his neglect.

People criticise the Pullman porter because of his haughty ways and his gloomy disposition, but we should not forget his wrongs. What with trying to unmake berths while the people are still in them and getting chased with a club because he has grabbed a sleeping passenger by the nose in trying to waken him, and what with spending a lifetime watching sleepy and ill-natured mankind in its stocking feet and without its collar on, he cannot help souring a little. So we should be kind to the porter at least a quarter's worth each trip and should not forget, when retiring, to attach a string to a great toe and hang it outside the berth curtain in order that he may not be compelled to feel around for our hair in the dark while waking us.

IMPORTED HUSBANDS

IMPORTED husbands have been all the rage, in those American circles which are able to afford them, for some years.

An imported husband is the most stylish thing that can be roped in with a marriage license. He costs all the way from a million dollars up, and usually doesn't last long at that. If a really flossy imported husband wears for five years he is doing very well indeed, and the friends of the purchaser remark in complimentary terms upon her powers of endurance.

Imported husbands usually come as incumbrances on titles. It is impossible to get a title in this country without a husband attached which makes it very awkward for those fortunate young ladies who have everything else but a title. If titles without husbands were put on the market in this country they would have an enormous sale and the astute country which went into the business would be able to take a large slice off of its national debt.

Imported husbands come over free of duty and return the same way. In fact, duty and titled husbands are usually strangers and continue so until the divorce court gets in its work.

Shipped-in husbands would not be so bad if they could be kept in this country where the fathers-in-law could occasionally get at them with a club. Unfortunately, after an American girl has imported a husband she has to go back to Europe with him. The

worst thing about imported husbands in this country is exported wives.

Europe is pretty well sprinkled with American wives who accompanied their purchases back to the old country and have never been able to save steamer fare home out of their pin money. An imported husband costs more to run than an imported automobile. But this is because, as a rule, he is about twice as fast as anything else on earth.

Imported husbands wouldn't be so bad if they came with the usual accessories considered necessary in this country for a first-class, permanent husband. When an imported husband is accompanied by morals, intelligence and ability, he makes as fine a husband as the domestic brand. There should be an import duty of 1,000,000 per cent. on all others.

CABARETS

A CABARET is one of the importations from France which has been overlooked by the party in favor of prohibitive tariff. It consists of a restaurant afflicted with both food and vaudeville. Moreover, both must be consumed at the same time.

The cabaret originated in Paris, and is said to have been invented because of the vast amount of time wasted by Parisians in stepping around to the stage door to get acquainted with the performers. It is a perambulating vaudeville in which the artiste may begin her stunt on the stage, but is just as likely as not to finish it in the lap of a dignified and startled old gentleman in the rear of the restaurant.

The cabaret show gained great fame because of its informality and sociability. An ounce of dignity would run a cabaret show for several thousand years and nothing could be more sociable than a dinner table with four kinds of wine and a Parisian dancer on it. For many years it was the sacred duty of the American tourist to visit a cabaret in Paris, and the cloak and suit buyer who had not had his toes stepped upon by a beautiful young lady Tangoist during the soup course in a Paris café was considered too green for good company.

A few years ago the cabaret show was transplanted to New York, where it grew luxuriantly and proved a great boon to a large number of metropolitan citizens who were slowly starving to death for the want of suf-

ficient music to enable them to masticate their food. It is now possible to buy in New York for \$2.00 a nine-course vaudeville entertainment accompanied by food. With a little practice one can become very skillful in devouring these dances and can turkey trot a steak or grape-vine an oyster with great deftness. America contains few more startling sights than that of a room full of well-dressed citizens looping their soup to the strains of a Tango tune while ever and anon an exquisitely painted entertaineress flits down the aisle and hurdles a waiter.

Some critics of the cabaret show insist that it is popular because it helps the public to endure the restaurant meals — while others declare that the meals deaden the audience to the terror of the performance. However, the cabaret has spread more rapidly than the dandelion and seems to be as hard to eradicate.

WASTE

THE United States is full of waste in many forms. Waste money is one of our most serious troubles.

After a man has spent all the money he can sensibly and still has more, he often pours it down his throat to get rid of it, with terrible results.

Food is so plentiful in the United States that we are very wasteful in its use. After an American family has finished a dinner, a French family can live high off the remains. The garbage barrel is the best fed institution in the country.

Time is scandalously wasted. Many a man wastes so much time in business that he hasn't any left in which to make himself worth talking to or to insure his being buried with regret.

Government is full of waste. Our cities usually elect two or three aldermen with brains and a lot more for which it cannot find the slightest use. However, no city is wasted by its aldermen. They get everything they can out of it.

Religion is extremely wasteful. Many a small town supports five ministers' families on hope and potatoes and keeps up five churches with five bells, whereas one bell would make enough disturbance to call the people to one church, which could be presided over by one minister with a well-fed appearance and no doubts.

There is an appalling waste of conversation. Three-quarters of the conversation could be abolished and the output of thought would still be the same. The man

who wastes a half hour each for 1,000 American citizens by loading up a few burning thoughts with frazzled adjectives and calling the result an oration, ought to be looked into by the conservation congress.

There are nearly a hundred million people in this country and each year we waste enormous numbers of these because we are too much interested in gold, automobiles and dividends to pry into the health statistics and to aid suffering humanity with something besides kind thoughts. When a nation is too busy to take care of its babies and clean up its slums, it ought to be kicked with great vigor in the capital and elsewhere.

EXTRAVAGANCE

EXTRAVAGANCE, according to the dictionary, is the process of expending profusely.

But extravagance doesn't always mean the same thing. Some people expend profusely when they buy a bill collector a ten-cent cigar and ask him to come again for his money. Others live modestly so long as they make an automobile last a whole season.

There was a time in this country when extravagance consisted of buying food at a store instead of raising it in the back yard. Nowadays the average man isn't extravagant until he orders a porterhouse steak at a first-class restaurant without looking at the price list.

A long time ago people were extravagant whenever they spent money for things which they did not need. But no man is extravagant to-day unless he cashes in his life insurance to buy his wife an electric car.

This is a disturbing situation. When a citizen of this great and horridly prosperous country does not feel that he is extravagant so long as he is only spending money with one hand, it is time to be alarmed. Presently the nation will have a financial chill and thousands of happy Americans will take up the task of trying to turn oriental rugs and player pianos into groceries with no success at all. When a government erects \$75,000 public buildings in order to save \$1,000 a year in postoffice rent; when railroad directors buy branch lines for \$1,000,000 and sell them to their companies for \$16,000,000 in cash; when cities float bond

issues in order to enlarge city halls so as to provide more room for janitors — it is hard to expect the common plug American to hesitate and reflect before soaking his weekly pay check into a cabaret party with taxicab trimmings.

America ought to begin to economize from the top down now instead of waiting until the constable bangs at the door with an attachment for the gas stove and the cut glass collection in the dining room.

THE RAILWAY STATION

THE reason why so few tourists from foreign countries love America is because they have been compelled to make too close a study of its railway stations.

We do not refer to the vast marble-lined palaces now being built in our great cities, and in which it is possible to run half a mile for a train after reaching the front door. We allude to the decayed dog house which does duty throughout the smaller towns of the country as a "deepo."

The "deepo" is a terrestrial annex of purgatory which is used by railroad companies as a means of convincing its patrons of the desirability of staying at home. It is a small wooden shack equipped with a cross station agent, and lavishly fitted up for the comfort of its patrons with a window, a door, an extinct stove, which can be coaled up only by making a requisition to the board of directors, and a row of torture benches called "seats" by the maniac who designed them.

"Deepos" were designed by an enemy of man and are maintained by perfect strangers to the human race. In them people are supposed to wait hour after hour for trains which do not come and in which the agent has no interest. The waiters are assisted by a kerosene lamp, which was cleaned in 1889, and a time card which was nailed on the wall in the first Cleveland administration and has been accumulating inaccuracy ever since. In order that prospective passengers shall not be overcome

by these luxuries and insist on staying in the "deepo" instead of boarding the trains, the waiting room seat was invented by the same man who invented the rack and the thumb screw. It is a hard slat bench made to fit a sack of potatoes and provided with a back which comes up just far enough to push the fifth vertebra out of place when the victim becomes exhausted and leans back to sleep.

"Deepos" are painted every fifty years. They are never cleaned, but occasionally burn down. Then the railroad company unloads a box car for a "deepo" and so many people flock to enjoy the unaccustomed luxury that the company is compelled to build a new "deepo" in self-defense.

The growth of interurban traffic in this country has been marvelous, and is a sad puzzle to railroad presidents, who claim that their trains are far more luxurious than interurban cars. But the secret of the interurban's popularity is the fact that it has no "deepo." Its passengers wait on the street corners in the clear, pure air and amid dirt which is provided by nature.

We are not personally acquainted with any railroad presidents, but presume they are coarse, rude individuals who live in sheds and allow the pigs to come in for meals. They must be, or they would not be so well content with the "deepos" along their railroads.

PROBLEMS

When the United States has nothing else to do it devotes a few hours to the solution of various problems which have loafed along through the decades under the head of "Unfinished business." Thanking you one and all for your kind attention I shall close the entertainment with a discussion of a few of the problems which have put corrugations in the brow of the Goddess of Liberty and have bestrewn the American conversation with despairing cusswords.

EX-PRESIDENTS

WHEN we haven't anything else to worry about in America we worry about our ex-presidents.

An Ex-president is a man who has filled the biggest job in the world, and is trying to work down into ordinary life again. This is a very difficult thing to do. When an Ex-president tries to squeeze into any other job, he usually stretches it all out of shape. Nothing is more disturbing than to watch an Ex-president trying to earn an honest living writing editorials, while fourteen reporters are interviewing him on the Balkan War.

A President serves from four to eight years at \$75,000 a year, and accumulates during that time a thick mantle of dignity. When he retires from the presidency, he sheds the \$75,000, but retains the dignity. It is as hard to earn a living while wrapped up in presidential dignity, as it is to run a foot race with nine overcoats on. Yet if an Ex-president should hang his dignity on a hickory limb and run for justice of the peace, the whole country would be indignant.

Because of all these facts, several of our finest Ex-presidents have died with very little but dignity in the house.

An Ex-president would make an invaluable senator or representative or member of the supreme court, or cabinet officer, but most of them are allowed to go to waste by a hostile administration. This nation, which

sheds tears every time some woodchopper fails to conserve a pine tree, now possesses two Ex-presidents, and is not making as much use of them as it would of a 1901 automobile.

A commission should be appointed for the purpose of extracting all possible usefulness from Ex-presidents. When people have spent a million dollars electing a President, and half a million more teaching him statesmanship, it ought not to turn him over to law colleges, magazines or publishing houses free of charge when his commission has expired.

If Ex-presidents were turned loose for life into the House of Representatives or the Senate, they would be cheap, with their vast experience at twice the price, and could give lessons in patriotism and high motives which might possibly interest some of the newcomers.

The present lot of the Ex-president is considered to be a sad one, but most of us would cheerfully undertake it even at half price.

THE TARIFF

THE tariff is like a revolver. It is either a menace or a protection, depending on whether you are opposing it or are standing behind it.

If you are opposing the tariff, it is a cruel and hungry monster which reaches into the dinner bucket of the poor man and yanks the porterhouse steak and cold raspberry pie out of it. If you favor the tariff it is a benevolent high board fence which keeps the cruel monster of foreign competition from getting at the same dinner pail.

Any way you look at it, the tariff is intimately associated with the dinner pail. A good many people insist that it is the watch dog of the dinner pail, while others say that it never pays to give the dog the contents of said pail for watching it.

The tariff lives in the customs house, but is borrowed by both Republican and Democratic parties during each campaign and led about the country for exhibition purposes. When Democrats exhibit the tariff, they do so with great terror, and pale statesmen endeavor to keep it from breaking out of its cage and devouring children, three at a gulp.

On the other hand, when Republicans exhibit the tariff they put their arms lovingly around its neck and claim that it is as useful in a kitchen as two hired girls and a gas stove. On the whole, it is more fun to be a Republican than a Democrat, because a Democrat is so scared of the tariff all through the campaign that he

can't sleep at night. A Democrat will link arms with a tiger and stroke his whiskers with pleasure, but let the tariff rise up ever so little and he shrieks for help from Maine to California.

Republicans are very kind to the tariff and point with pride to its growth and height. But Democrats claim it should be cut in two close to the tail, and they would have done so last year when they had the thing tied up, if they had not been so afraid of it.

We owe a great deal to the tariff, because it has protected our infant industries until they could grow up and become carnivorous.

THE SLEEPING CAR

THE sleeping car is one of the greatest of American inventions. It enables the corporations to work us while we sleep.

The sleeping car is filled with beautiful plush seats which are made more uncomfortable at night by being turned into berths. There are ordinarily twenty berths and each berth will hold one and three-fifths persons and a peck of cinders. The berths are divided into upper and lower berths respectively. The lower berths were much more popular because of their proximity to the floor until the Interstate Commerce Commission lowered the rates on the uppers, after which it was discovered that the long, hard climb to the upper berth is very beneficial and assists in producing sleep.

To utilize a sleeping car you must pay about \$2.00 a night. Seventy-five cents of this is for the use of the car, the blankets and the pillows, and the rest is for the use of the beautiful wood carving and inlaying with which the car is decorated. If you have rented a lower berth, you will find on the inside a small hammock large enough to hold a No. 4 shoe on an A last. Into this you may place your clothes, your overcoat, your hat and your valise, reserving your pocket handkerchief for additional bed covering. If you rent an upper berth, you must ascend by means of a ladder. Climbing to the top of this, you take hold of the curtain rail with one hand and the outer ring of Saturn by the other and draw yourself up until you can clasp one leg

about the berth chain next to the wall. You then retreat gradually into the berth sideways, after which the porter takes away your shoes in order to have evidence against you in the morning when he calls for his tip.

Rules of etiquette require passengers to dress in the berths of a sleeping car instead of in the aisles. As a result of this, American contortionists now lead the world. Women often travel in sleeping cars, but the company doesn't encourage the practice. It has made the women's toilet room so small that only one woman at a time can occupy it, and if two women are in a car one of them has to get up at three o'clock in order to give both a chance to dress before breakfast.

Sleeping cars are now so numerous that the company finds great difficulty in finding names for them. It has exhausted the names of countries, cities and operas, but if it will now start in on the names which passengers have called sleeping cars, it will be amply provided for all time to come.

CITY HALLS

THE American city hall is a barometer of municipal honesty.

Every American city is equipped with a city hall. It may not have parks, hospitals, playgrounds or boards of health, but it always has a city hall, and it usually owes money on it.

The casual stranger can tell whether to button up his money in an inside pocket when arriving in an American town by inspecting its city hall and inquiring its cost. If it appears to have been built of ordinary material and only cost as much as it looks he can linger with safety in that city. But if its cost indicates that sheet gold and powdered diamonds were employed in its construction he had better travel down the middle of the street and secrete himself in a manhole at the approach of a policeman or city official.

Building city halls is indulged in with passionate pleasure by city officials who have forgotten all ten commandments and have invented several new ones to break. Buying stone at jewelry prices, paying for solid silver and getting brick and installing furniture that cost \$1,000 a ton and looks like thirty-seven cents is a favorite pastime with city hall builders in those towns who hold their noses at municipal elections and their pocketbooks forever afterward. Many crowds of earnest, impartial safeblowers have built grand city halls in American cities and have retired for life to live on the income thereof. And the worst of it is the city

halls remain, and the citizens have to view them every day with humility and deep crimson blushes.

Chicago is not a phenomenally virtuous town, but it built a city hall recently for less money than was appropriated for the purpose and has been proud about it ever since. On the other hand, Philadelphia has a city hall which reached 537 feet toward Heaven and smells several thousand miles higher than that. It is impossible for a Philadelphian to become haughty and noisy about his town, because whenever he attempts it some ribald citizen of elsewhere asks him how much his city hall cost.

OUR STANDING ARMY

THE standing army of the United States is the greatest in the world.

There are statisticians who will indignantly deny this, but this is because they ride home in automobiles at night, and do not know how the other forty-nine-fiftieths of us live.

Our standing army consists of upwards of 5,000,000 people. Thanks to American chivalry, most of these are men. Some of us stand only a mile or so each day, while others stand ten miles a day, and have to transfer three times in the bargain.

The discipline of the American standing army is magnificent. This is because it is drilled regularly, twice a day. Every evening in every American city, whole cars full of the army can be seen obeying commands. After a man has belonged for a while he answers the commands: "Step lively," "Move up in front," and "Take the next car," like a well oiled machine.

Many members of the army are splendid athletes. Nothing is finer for the muscles than standing army drill. A veteran will carry four bundles and a garden rake under one arm, hang from a strap with the other, and hold up two large men on his feet for hours at a time.

The American standing army is very useful. It is used to build costly mansions and provide titled sons-in-law and other trinkets for street car magnates. When a magnate wants a new yacht or an old master,

he takes a few cars off his line and thus increases his standing army. In New York as many as 200 members of the army are often crowded into a single car. This is accomplished by other members of the army who are trained to push on them from behind. Sometimes the cars burst, and sometimes the patrons do. The former is considered more unfortunate by the company. New York magnates are very kind to their standing army, however, and have recently put sanitary straps in their cars. New York is the only city where the standing army has a regular waiting list each night. This is because women are allowed to belong to it, however.

Contrary to custom in other countries, the American standing army draws no pay. On the contrary, it pays for the privilege of standing. This leads to the belief that the army would not be worth two bits in time of war. An army which pays five cents per head for the privilege of hanging from a strap, and being punched in the back by a conductor, would probably thank the enemy with tears in its eyes while it was being kicked off the field of battle.



C A N
MEDICINE HAT
LAND FOR SALE
CHEAP

ALMON
FISH

WASHINGTON

OREGON

IDAHO

MONTANA

NORTH DAKOTA

SOUTH DAKOTA

NEVADA

WYOMING

NEBRASKA

UTAH
(A YOUNG MAN'S COUNTRY)

COLORADO

KANSAS

ARIZONA

NEW MEXICO

OKLAHOMA

TARANTULAS
COTTON DEMO

RIO GRANDE

MEXICO



MAP
OF THE
UNITED
STATES
Surveyed
by
GEORGE FITCH

